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THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE

June · 1888.

The Nineteenth Century is Woman's Century.—Victor Hugo.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY DEVOTED TO ART LITERATURE BIOGRAPHY HOME SCIENCE AND WOMAN'S WORK

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THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

LINIMENT

THE HUNTER.

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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MARIA LOUISE POOL.

EMMA MORTIMER WHITE.

EARLY in my literary life I received a letter of generous recognition from a young lady, signed "Maria Louise Pool." It was a very sweet letter, full of warm impulses and liberal with encouraging words, and was a great pleasure to me. Later I met the writer, and became acquainted with her family.

It is difficult to understand how she came by the superior nature she possessed. How, of the ordinary American type, a spirit so fiery and untamable, so aspiring and untrammeled, developed its forces among the usual conventionalities of a New England training. A more sensitive, yet fearless creature I never knew. "Lou," as we called her, never feared to do what she wanted to do, and she never wanted to do anything which was not, in the highest sense, right. Yet misunderstanding, uncongeniality, grated upon her miserably—she was too fine to bear well the rough contact of the world, and she did not care to know many people, while she was capable of adoring a chosen few. Yet she was essentially happy, and she was delightful to her associates. She possessed a quick appreciation of the good in people, and an enthusiasm for fine qualities, which endeared her to those to whom she drew nigh. Her beauty, which slowly grew on you as a reality, was of the highest type—of an intellectual cast, delicate, feminine, the features irregular and quite subservient to expression,—the eyes dark-blue, penetrating, long-lashed, reserved, winsome,—the mouth large, with a smile alluringly sweet,—the forehead high, the eyebrows straight, the face oval, the long, soft brown hair abundant. How she came by her high spirit I do not understand, but her intellectual qualities and literary talent she probably derived from her father, who embraced Theodore Parker, read Shakespeare, and made companions of his daughters. He was Lou's confident. "Father understands me," she would say, proudly. Next dearest to her heart was her young sister, Gertrude, a pretty girl of dramatic talent, at that time not more than fifteen years of age.

Early in life her elder sister, Amelia, contracted an unfortunate marriage, which cast an influence on Lou's character,—she conceived a distaste for the generality of men, believing an honorable man a bright and shining exception, and causing her to show a coldness for gentlemen's society which seemed unnatural in one so young and fair, though this idiosyncrasy she subsequently greatly outgrew. She made up for it, however, in her love for women, seeking choice friendships with them with irresistible sweetness, charmingly expressed. At that time Anna Dickinson was in the midst of her popularity, and when she lectured at Rockland, Lou's home, the latter went upon the platform at the close of the evening, to speak to her. "What did you say to Miss Dickinson, Lou?" I asked. "I don't remember what I said," she answered, with an expression of lovely content. "But she held my hand, and was good."

She had commenced a literary life when I first knew her. Her stories were always original, and marked by her characteristics, and were successful from the first. Her father took great pride and pleasure in her literary work. She was writing short stories and poems for the *Galaxy* magazine, when she received a tempting offer to write serials by the year, at a fixed salary, which was liberal, for a New York literary paper; and though the paper was not of a character enabling her to give her best self expression, her need of money decided her to accept the offer and sign the contract. But at first the close application injured her health, and it was only by the joint care of herself and an intimate friend, with whom she had associated herself, and

stated periods of recuperation, that she was able to sustain the part she had taken. Her winters were spent with Miss Branson, her friend, in New York, her summers in her childhood's home, or elsewhere, as fancy dictated. But the burden and heat of the day fell heavily upon her. Her beautiful sister Gertrude married Dr. Janes, of Brooklyn, and went from home, and then occurred the death of the beloved father, which left the support of the home, containing the mother, in care of the elder sister, upon Louise. Four years later, Gertrude died, at the birth of a second infant, leaving an elder boy, much resembling the child of Murillo's Madonna, at the Pool homestead. By this time circumstances had rendered my intimacy less close and constant with Lou, but I know her griefs were deep and abiding. A sweet poem, "My Blonde," was written by her for Gertrude, during the latter's happy girlhood! "Pharioh's Horses," was one of two stories of hers which appeared in the *Galaxy* some fifteen years ago.

I have many pleasant recollections of my friend. She had a noble Newfoundland dog, Rover, of whom she was fond. The fine, faithful creature was poisoned, and his untimely taking off was a great shock to his young mistress. She wrote to me for sympathy. "You loved Rover, and you can understand how I feel," she said. She had also a spirited pet horse. She drove about, often at Nantasket, with her friends. She liked driving; and she also rode horseback. She was fond of the free, pure enjoyments of life,—fond of her liberty—faithful to her friends—true to herself. A truer character, a finer nature, a sweeter woman I never knew than Maria Louise Pool.

CUPS AND SAUCERS.

SARAH A. GIBBS.

IT was very pleasant to be awakened in the morning by the twitter of birds, and I even became interested in the interminable disputes and jangles of a colony of English sparrows, and was ready with a handful of crumbs to reward the victor in the fight, having no doubt about their understanding, as well as we, that there is nothing so "successful as success."

It was as good as a play to listen to the ceaseless chatter of a pair of wrens that darted in and out of a tiny box which had been placed high among the branches of an elm, for their accommodation. If such a thing were possible as talking one's self to death, these little brown atoms would have played in tragedy instead of comedy, almost any morning.

Sometimes I was tempted to linger to see the play out, for Miss Prudence (bless her kindly soul!) never once called me, or hurried me in any way, although I fancy it was one of the first articles of her faith that whoever was not "up and doing" in the early morning, deserved to have the New England epithet of "shiftless," applied to them.

Miss Prudence was very quiet in those days, and it was not hard to see that some secret grief was preying upon her spirits. Her hair was less carefully curled, and a certain pensiveness of manner, and now and then the eyelids swollen with weeping, convinced me that there was "a worm in the heart o' the rose," that was doing mischief.

It was not the time of year for revivals, and no extra meetings were being held in either the Upper or the Lower Church, as they were called for their respective locations on the hill-side. The missionary barrel had been filled with outgrown clothing and patchwork quilts, and dispatched to that long-suffering Home missionary, away out on the frontier, whose children rivalled in number those of John Rogers, of blessed memory.

It would never do to ask this reticent gentlewoman what was troubling her, and remembering that "all things come around to him who will but wait," I waited, and they came around.

One afternoon Hetty Grey and Miss Johnson called with invitations to a sociable in the evening at Deacon Parker's. They were accepted, of course, for I had not seen much of Sweet Fern socially, and the little I had seen, made me more than willing to continue the acquaintance.

Hetty dimpled and smiled, while she frankly explained matters.

"You see, Miss Dysart, that we are Upper Church, and we want you ever so much. We are raising money to furnish the kitchen and dining-room connected with the church, and every one helps a little. It's lots of fun."

"What is fun?" I queried.

"O," said she shyly, "we play needle's eye, and forfeits, and all those plays, that is, the children do,

PRESERVATION MASTER AT HARVARD

and we help them sometimes," she added, dimpling and smiling as before.

Miss Johnson grew uneasy, and finally remarked rather stiffly, "I hope you will not think us all so frivolous as little Hetty here. There are many of us who find the charms of intelligent conversation quite enough to entertain us until nine o'clock, when refreshments will be served, after which a collection of ten cents each will be taken up for the good cause."

Now if there is anything I hate, it is a "cause." If I was obliged to collect money to buy shirts for the beloved pastor of an impecunious or parsimonious people, I would say at once I wanted it for shirts, and not for a "cause."

But of course Miss Johnson, a graduate of a "Ladies' Seminary," could not reasonably be expected to understand the perversities of the average human heart. How should she, to whom Algebra and Geometry were recreations, have any sympathy with one to whom all fractions were improper fractions, and who surreptitiously counted her fingers when making change? I respected her from the bottom of my heart, but could not help thinking,

"And still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew."

Early candle-light found us at Deacon Parker's. Little Hetty met us in the hall with the salutation, "O Miss Dysart, are you cups, or saucers?"

"I didn't know I was either, dear," I responded.

"O, yes, you are," cried the lively girl, "but which, cups, or saucers?"

"Well, if I positively must be one or the other, to the best of my belief, I am a cup."

"O girls, she's a cup," Hetty cried merrily to a group of rosy-cheeked girls in the corner who had been watching us, and I was swept off by the bevy to the best bed-room to take off my wraps.

Then Miss Johnson volunteered to accompany me to the parlor, where she introduced me to the row of ladies sitting around the room in chairs, placed as close together as possible.

The ceremony commenced by "making me acquainted" with Aunt Polly Slocum, and she never omitted even one, until we had made the circuit of the entire room, and I dropped into a chair next to Mrs. Slocum, to recover from the effects of so many introductions.

"Miss Dysart," said she solemnly, "I *was* in hopes you would be a saucer, but Hetty says you are a cup. I am a saucer, myself."

And she smoothed the folds of her stiff black dress complacently, and shut her lips with a grim smile of satisfaction, as if that was the last I might ever expect to hear from her.

"Well," I answered, as cheerily as I could, "it seems to me a cup and saucer have no occasion to quarrel with each other, but have every reason to be friendly, as they are always together."

"That is just what I think, Miss Dysart, and Mrs. Deacon Parker agrees with me." Then the lips closed as firmly as before, and the spare figure grew more erect, if possible, as if she scorned the support of even the back of the chair.

Seeing Hetty in a distant door-way, I thought it prudent to join the rest of the "cups," and find out what it all meant.

"Why," said that young lady demurely, "I thought Miss Sawyer had told you all about it, she is a 'cup,' too. You see it is just this way. We are trying to furnish the kitchen and dining-room for our church uses, and we cannot quite agree upon what dishes to buy. *We* want just nice large cups, with handles, for the coffee, but a great many of the old folks especially, and the men in particular, want plain cups and saucers, and then they will drink their coffee this way," and the saucy girl went through a pantomine which was not at all flattering to the men who were "saucers."

So this was the trouble that was secretly fretting Miss Prudence, and was threatening for a time to destroy the harmony of the Church.

When the refreshments were served, the contest went on fiercer than ever. Hetty asked me to assist her in cutting the cake, and I noticed that only "cups" were engaged in that honorable work, while the "saucers" were ranged in rows around the parlor and sitting-room, waiting for the supper, without which no entertainment in Sweet Fern could be brought to a fitting close. Even the noise of the children's games up-stairs ceased when the first rattle of plates began.

Slices of cake from one large loaf, where the white frosting was plentifully sprinkled with red lozenge shaped pieces of peppermint candy surrounding a red heart of the same delectable material, was in special demand. I wondered if the warming qualities of the peppermint, was supposed to counteract the effects of so much cake and unwonted dissipation, and enable those who were so fortunate as to secure the dainty, to "sleep the sleep of the just," untroubled by vain dreams.

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow,"

and although this was only an ordinary sociable, it

was the beginning of the end of the war between cups and saucers.

Miss Johnson proposed that we, that is, "our society," should give an entertainment in the Town Hall, and charge an admission fee, which should be applied toward the purchase of cups and saucers, or cups alone, as a committee of five disinterested persons should decide. Other necessary crockery was to be included with the cups and saucers, of course.

This was put into the form of a resolution, and unanimously agreed to, with the amendment that there should be a supper afterward.

All this business was transacted, and the sociable broke up at an early hour. Miss Sawyer and I lifted the cinnamon rose bush to one side, and stepped into our own door-way as the clock was striking ten.

In a few days the village was full of rumors of the approaching exhibition, and with a little feeling of exultation, I learned that the energetic Miss Johnson, aided by the "cups," was arranging things on a grand scale, though the details were kept a profound secret from the general public. It leaked out finally, that Mrs. Jarley's wax works were to be a part of the show, and many were the surmises as to what they might be. One knowing individual announced that he *knew* it was a hoax. Some one would come forward on the stage with a piece of shoemaker's wax in his hands and pull it, in the sight of the audience. And he bitterly denounced the fraud.

Deacon Parker, a very conscientious man, said something about "graven images," and doubted if it was right for the Church to make them under any circumstances.

Deacon Smith was more concerned lest it should not "pay," but would not discourage those who were working for the good of the society.

The day before the exhibition, Hetty took me up to the Town Hall to help put up the curtains of brown drilling, which "run on a wire" across the front of the stage built of plank, and carpeted with a rag carpet. Brown drilling curtains, also "run on wires," partitioned off a small dressing-room on either side of the stage, for the actors. The whole was to be brilliantly illuminated with a row of four kerosene lamps in front. Evidently no expense or trouble had been spared to make it a grand success.

The Jarley wax works were decided upon, and had been rehearsed a few times, but the question arose among the "elect," as to how the frivolty and fun would appear, coming as it did under the auspices of the "Ladies' Association for the Aid and Upbuilding of the Church."

Mrs. Slocum, she of the stiff black dress and grim manners, thought the Sabbath School children should take a part in it, and as sisters A. B. and C. were of the same mind, it was determined to modify the program even at that late hour, and have a few of what might be called "religious tableaux."

This would show that "although on pleasure they were bent," they did not forget that the Ladies' Association was responsible for the performance, although they might make some concession to the worldly-minded, later in the evening.

That evening there was another rehearsal, especially to arrange the "religious tableaux," and a mysterious middle part, that only a select few had any knowledge of.

The next day there was a ceaseless running to and fro, gathering together the "properties" needful for the occasion, and the expectations of the people were evidently raised as well as their curiosity. It was a very favorable outlook for the ladies of the A. A. U. C., when about sundown, teams from north and south, from across the lake, and from Hackerdam and the Kitchen, came pouring into the village, each stout wagon loaded to its utmost capacity.

Miss Prudence and I went to the Hall early and secured seats in front, that we might not miss any of the glories of the evening, and from the tittering and laughing from behind the curtains, we judged that the actors were all assembled.

When the tumult grew too loud, it was hushed for a moment, by some one saying sh—sh—sh in a loud sibilation, that I am sure resounded to the utmost limits of the Hall.

After a somewhat louder sh—sh than usual, the curtains were slowly propelled to one side, by some person, who walked the length of the stage, pushing them as he went. At the corner between the dressing-room and the stage, the folds of drilling massed together, concealed his body, only leaving his boots visible to the audience.

"Only this and nothing more," for the stage was as empty as a last year's bird's-nest, until the minister came forward and offered prayer, praying especially that the ends of the earth might be blessed, and bringing, in sonorous phrases, like allusions to the church militant, and the church triumphant. Then the boots walked slowly across the stage again, and our gaze was once more rivited on brown drilling. There was a rustling and bustling in both dressing-rooms,

and on the stage. A shadow of an upraised hand appeared on the wall. The loud sh—sh—sounded and the murmur was silenced.

The curtains were drawn again, and a row of the Sunday-school children, extending the whole length of the stage, each one clad in a dainty white night-dress, knelt with folded hands, and in their sweet, childish voices, chanted the Lord's Prayer. Next came a tableaux of " Prayer," represented by a young lady dressed in white, kneeling before a chair, on which lay a large book, presumably a ible. That subject having been fairly exhausted, Faith, Hope and Charity came next. " Charity" clung convulsively to a beggar child, and " Hope " leaned hopelessly on her anchor, while " Faith " seemed wavering between the desire to cling to the Cross prepared for the occasion, and her impulse to " fix " the white lace window curtain, which was doing duty as a veil, and had accidentally become entangled in " Hope's " anchor. After this, "Faith" appeared once more in the capacity of " Mercy."

Then five maidens clad in " white samite, mystic, wonderful," among which were easily recognized our old friends, Faith, Hope and Charity, filed across the stage, Indian file, each one with her lighted lamp in her hand, representing the five virgins who were wise and took oil in their lamps.

The next tableau took a little longer to prepare. Shadows of uplifted arms struggling wildly, appeared on the walls, but in a few moments five foolish virgins, dressed in long, black waterproofs, with drooping heads, and unfilled lamps, filed slowly and solemnly across the stage, evidently in pursuit of their wiser sisters.

This brought the "religious tableaux" to an end, and the audience looked relieved when it was announced that " part second" would shortly appear.

There was a great deal of running about, and a sound as if heavy artillery was being dragged along behind the curtains. Now and then a rattle of chains raised the expectations of the people.

Mr. Napoleon Hartshorn sat on a front seat, with his stout stick firmly grasped in his hand. One end of this stick rested safely between his stout cowhide boots, and on the other end was rested his unshaven chin. Somehow he always reminded me of the children of Israel, when they ate the Passover in haste with their loins girded, and their staff in their hands, and when the curtains were finally drawn, he ejaculated " I swan," with such fervor, there was no doubt about his appreciation of the inspiring scene.

Behind a long table covered with a gaily plaided shawl, sat six judges, arrayed in judicial robes of turkey red table-cloths, and with head gear improvised out of colored table napkins. They were further distinguished by the awful severity of their countenances. Their decision was evidently a foregone conclusion.

Four " sons of Anak," also clad in appropriate costumes of the fifteenth century, and armed with spears whose glittering points of tin, were bravely lit up by the four kerosene lamps, served as guards for a prisoner. Their glittering shields of zinc had been originally designed to be placed under stoves, but had been rescued from such a low destiny, and now helped to give an extremely martial air to the occasion.

In front of all this array of judges and guards, Joan of Arc, with manacled hands, orated for about the space of half an hour. Then the bright vision faded, and we were left to the contemplation of the brown drilling once more.

Curiosity was on tiptoe, when again the curtain " run on its wire," revealing the stage set around with a grotesque array of wax figures, with Mrs. Jarley in front, attired in a skimp black dress, with a flaming red shawl and a fan of enormous proportions, that matched it precisely, the whole surmounted with a wonderful poke-bonnet, while a blue cotton "umberil" completed the outfit. She proceeded at once with her opening speech in the midst of a silence so profound, if the proverbial pin had dropped, I am sure we should have heard it. When the first " figure " was brought out by the faithful attendants, securely fastened to the floor and dusted carefully, then wound up and made to go through its automatic motions with a jerky precision, fun and Dickens conquered the terrible dignity of a New England audience.

Soon the fun grew fast and furious. Alexander the Great wept, and the audience applauded to the echo. Columbus was wound up that he might " diskiver," and he discovered with great success. Father Time, with his terrible scythe that " mows down all, both great and small," fairly outdid himself.

The historic bachelor who " Went down to London, to get him a wife," did nobly. You doubtless remember the pathetic tale, and how its climax was reached when " His wheelbarrow broke, and his wife got a fall." That long-suffering sister who personated the wife, deserved a pension for the heroism with which she endured the fall. Big box,

little box, band-box and bundle, went with her, and as she lay in all her wedding finery, surrounded by her treasures, the curtain was "run" for the last time, and the house was in a gale of laughter, while Napoleon Hartshorn ejaculated louder than before, "I swan to man—" but who was promptly checkcd by one of the deacons, who assured him that profane swearing could not be allowed at such a meeting.

Of course we staid to supper, and it was near midnight when Miss Sawyer and myself were ready to "retire," which, being translated, means to go to bed. The last sound I remember of hearing, was some homeward bound sight-seer, singing at the top of his voice,

"Didn't the Lord deliver Danyel."

All night long I was troubled with visions of jelly cake, pound cake, cream cake, and cake beautified and adorned with red peppermint candies. A troop of children clad in white night-dresses went in one long procession through my dreams, and they always sang,

"Didn't the Lord deliver Danyel,
Didn't the *Lord* deliver Danyel,
Didn't the LORD deliver Danyel,
And can't he any other man?"

The next day I learned from little Hetty that the war was ended. The "cups" had magnanimously yielded to the "saucers," and the money taken by the Society the night before, would be sufficient to purchase all the crockery they wanted.

A few weeks later, Miss Prudence took me to see the piles of snow-white dishes in their pantry, enough, I thought, to set tables for the whole town.

She informed me that they were a present from one of the most estimable ladies in the village. I could only echo the universal sentiment, that it was just lovely of her to do this, yet it was with something akin to regret that I learned that the proceeds of the famous exhibition had been swallowed up by that abyss that yawns before so many small churches in New England,—*arrearages*.

"UNLESS HE HOLDETH OUT THE GOLDEN SCEPTRE."

MISS MARY WILLARD.

Shall I creep from behind, shall I steal on him unawares?
See if his brow be dark—seamed with a thousand cares,
Watch like a culprit child, the set of his gathering frown,
Wait like a base born slave, if the sceptre be down?

When perchance I bring flowers—jewels for which he longs,
Or could strike from my harp, all a quiver, the sweetest of songs,
Might bear him a balm that should heal his innermost hurt,
Shall I crawl to his feet? Nay, free born, I dare to assert

The right of the soul—a royalty equal with his,
I will enter a queen, and erect—utter nothing but this,
"Rise up to meet me, O King! O Heart on thy throne—
Here are we princes and peers—I bring thee my own."

MISS EMILY.

Part II.

HELEN AYR SAXTON.

WHEN the young Flemings reached home again after their summer in the country with gentle Miss Emily for nurse and companion, they found the household in a ferment over a suddenly projected plan for spending the autumn and winter months in Europe. Many circumstances combined to make an early departure desirable, and little thought could be given to anything, beyond the hurried preparations for the journey.

Justine, the recreant French nurse, had returned, and with ready tears and much protestation, begged to be reinstated. It could not be denied that, as she found means to suggest, her services would be of special value to them while abroad. And so, though confidence in their worth was somewhat impaired, the protestations and tears were endured, the apologies accepted without much question; and Miss Emily was sent away with hearty thanks and

scant ceremony. She had expected nothing more, and so was not hurt or disappointed. They had been kind; it did not even occur to her that they might have been kinder.

As winter came on, she found the struggle for existence even harder than in former years. Some of her old employers had left the city. She did not readily find others. With ready-made clothing so cheap and convenient, many did not care to engage a private seamstress. Earning little, her summer's savings soon melted away. Miss Emily had plenty of time to read, but no more new books. The old ones were read and re read, until she almost knew them by heart. The winter was a dreary one, and before it came to its end, Miss Emily was, perhaps, as nearly discouraged, as much depressed, as her bright nature would allow her to be.

It was fortunate for her that the return of summer restored the Fleming family to their native place, and that certain circumstances relating to the younger members of the family, brought Miss Emily again to mind. Justine had again proved faithless. After once more attaining the haven of her well-beloved Paris, she could not be induced to leave it and again trust her precious self to unknown seas and foreign lands. Her place could not be filled at once; and the homeward journey had not been free from thorns for the elders of the party. The young Flemings were by no means the model children of the Sunday-school books, but very prickly little peppers indeed, able to make their presence distinctly felt on all occasions when not kept under watch and ward by a vigilant attendant. Under such circumstances, it was not strange that much tried Mrs. Olive should recall a former emergency similar to this, and the way out which had presented itself, and resulted so satisfactorily. She made a vow that as soon as New York was reached, she would hunt up Miss Emily and install her at once in the nursery as head nurse and general caretaker.

"I will keep her, too," she said to her husband. "The children were never so good and quiet in their lives as when they had been under her care."

She kept her word, and found the little seamstress without much difficulty, as she was still in the old place. The small room was barer than ever, but still tidy and clean. Olive's conscience reproached her as she saw the evident indications of destitution all about her in the empty room, and in the pale cheeks and pinched figure of the little woman before her, who, in spite of all, was brave and cherry still.

Miss Emily's advent was hailed with joy by the children. They greeted her as an old friend, and wanted to start off into the country with her at once.

But the Flemings had made different plans. Aunt Ruth found herself obliged to do without the children that summer, as about the middle of June the gay and somewhat restless young family set off for an extended Western trip. They were not going to be hurried, they said. They were going where they pleased, to stay as long as they pleased, and see everything worth seeing. They could hardly do this if they left the children at home, and they could take them and feel quite easy about them, so long as they had Miss Emily.

After a short stay in Chicago, where they had friends, they went on to Denver, from there to Colorado Springs and Manitou. Here they settled themselves comfortably, intending to spend the heated portion of the summer among the mountains before going on to California for the autumn and winter.

They found much to interest them here, both at the Springs, where were gathered many tourists like themselves, and at Manitou, whither they often went with carriage parties, or for a few days' stay at the hotel. The children were delighted with the mountains. They said they were going to live at Manitou forever. The one aim and ambition of their lives, of which they talked all day long, was to climb Pike's Peak "to the very top."

The family authorities did not at first fall in with the idea, and they were doomed for a time to experience the pangs of hope deferred. They did not give the matter up, however, but preferred a word about it on every possible occasion, in season and out of season, until their not over-wise elders began really to consider whether after all the plan might not be feasible.

The children were told that they must learn to ride before attempting a trip up a mountain, horseback; and then began a lively enthusiasm for horseback riding, and much rivalry, also, Master Ted being sure he could beat every other lad of his age at the Springs. He quite disdained to count in his sister, though in justice it must be confessed that Ada was the better, if the less reckless, rider of the two.

One day, as the whole party was riding to Manitou tor a few day's stay, during which the children trusted their fond hopes might be realized, it soon became disagreeably evident that a violent storm

was brewing. The electric disturbance was great, as is often the case in that locality. The constant roar and crash of thunder was enough to try even accustomed nerves. The children became frightened, the horses almost unmanageable.

They were still at some distance from their destination, so, as the best way they could do in the circumstances, they left the high-road and turned aside, hoping to find at least a thicket, a cave, or high rock that would afford some slight shelter and resistance to the storm. They hailed with delight the entrance to a little canon, and as they dashed into it and away from the wind, they were pleased to see at a little distance from them the gleam of a white tent, and a pony lariated and peacefully grazing near, as if thunder-storms and he were on the most friendly terms possible.

As they rode up to the tent, a man came out, and without waiting for explanations began to help the frightened children down, and carry them into the tent. Little Ruth was with her father, and, cuddled up in his strong arms, had been throughout the bravest and most composed of the three. She was, however, glad to be inside the tent with her mother and Miss Emily, while the men looked after the horses outside.

It was not many minutes before the storm broke in all its fury, and even that sheltered spot could not wholly escape its violence.

The men came hurrying in, glad to avoid a wetting if they could, and the little tent was well filled. For a time the roaring of the storm, the swaying and creaking of the tent in the wind made conversation well-nigh impossible. All they could do was to sit and look at each other.

Everything in this new, strange country was interesting to Miss Emily. She noticed the tent with its impromptu furnishing, its arrangements for primitive housekeeping, and saw that they included certain little refinements in the way of order, cleanliness, toilet conveniences, books and papers, which she would scarcely have looked for in the domicile of the ordinary rancher or cow-boy, as she supposed its owner to be. This led her to look at the man himself a little more curiously and observantly than she had before done.

He was a tall man of about forty, spare, bronzed, with dark eyes, and dark curly hair and beard. His dress in no way differed from the dress of most of the ranch-men and guides she had seen, except, perhaps, that the coarse garments were cleaner and more neatly arranged than was sometimes the case.

But after a passing glance, Miss Emily did not see his dress. Her gaze was bent on his face, his eyes. They fascinated her—those eyes which looked as if they had seen sorrow, and yet had a merry gleam in them, now and then, as he talked. For they were talking now—the men, the storm having subsided a little, though the rain still fell in streams.

"Yes," she heard the stranger say in response to a question put by Mr. Fleming, "I have a ranch south of here on a little branch of the Arkansas. But after I get affairs well settled for the summer, I usually leave the cattle and sheep to herders, shut up the cabin, and come up here for a while. I know the mountains as I know myself. Guides are always wanted, and I can earn enough taking parties around to buy supplies for the winter."

"Ah, indeed!" said Mrs. Fleming, with a new interest, while Ted and Ada crowded close, perceiving in this a new opening for the attainment of their heart's desire.

"Papa!" cried Ted, "*He* can take us up Pike's Peak. If the guides at Manitou don't half know their business and you're afraid to trust 'em—that's what you said, you know—why, you can just ask this man to go. He says he knows the mountains."

The stranger laughed good-naturedly. "I say so, my boy; but that doesn't prove it, you know. Your father knows me no better than he does the rest of the guides."

Teddy looked blank for a moment, then turned to his father and said in a whisper that everybody heard,

"Say, papa, don't you *s'pose* he could take us up?"

In truth, papa, looking at the strong, lithe form, the keen, resolute face and honest eyes of the man before him, felt little inclined to doubt it. Miss Emily smiled to herself in gentle derision, at the thought of *that* man undertaking a thing he was not competent to perform, or failing in anything he had undertaken.

What had given her this sudden confidence in a stranger, and why, in the pause of conversation, did her thoughts go dreaming away to the days of childhood and early youth, when a sturdy lad, with brown eyes and curly, tangled hair, was her companion, mentor, playmate, tease and tormentor by turns? Surely there was nothing in the bronzed, grave, middle-aged man to bring back to her those old associations of fresh, sweet youth and careless play-time.

"My little folks have taken it into their heads that they will never be happy until they have stood as near as possible on the summit of Pike's Peak. I should be glad to indulge them, but not at the risk of their necks. What do you think of it? Would it be safe?"

"Well, I shouldn't say there would be any particular danger," said the elder man with some deliberation, "if proper precautions were taken. But I shouldn't like to advise."

"O papa, papa! let us go with him," began a round of voices, ending in a united chorus of "Do, do!"

"If you think you can take us us safely, come to the Manitou House to-morrow, and we will arrange for the trip. My name is Fleming, and yours—"

"My name is Norris."

Miss Emily started. She rose, scarcely conscious of what she was doing, and came forward, her cheeks glowing, her blue eyes shining. It was now the stranger's turn to start.

"Why, Miss Emmie!" cried Ted. "What is the matter with you?"

"Emmie!" said the stranger, softly. He reached out and caught her by the wrist.

"Are you Emmie Norris?"

"Yes and you are—Tom."

She put her hands over her face and sobbed. Self-restrained as was her habit, struggle as she might for self-control, she could not help it. She was soon composed again, however, even before the man who had turned away with a suspicious moisture in his eyes, was ready to answer the questions showered upon him.

"She is my cousin and old playmate. I have not seen her for years," he said at last.

"My cousin Tom, that I always played with when a child at home. I didn't know but he was dead," explained Miss Emily to Mrs. Fleming.

"How very nice," said that lady. "How glad you must be, both of you."

"Mr. Norris," she said, graciously, as they were starting off, the storm being over, and the sun again shining clear in its last glory, "you must of course come often to see your cousin while we are at Manitou."

"Thank you," he answered, looking not at her, but at Miss Emily, whose eyes spoke a still more cordial invitation. "I will come in the morning."

Both looked eagerly forward to the meeting. Both were lonely, without ties of home and family. This meeting, with its recall of old thoughts and associations, had touched both deeply.

They had a long hour of talk together next day. Tom was surprised to find that Emmie knew nothing of his life after his marriage, and since that was the case, he was at first loth to tell her. But in the end he found it a relief to pour out into sympathetic ears the old story so long brooded over in silence and loneliness. Poor Miss Emily's tears fell fast as he told her how the wife she had imagined him so happy with, had from the first cared nothing for him, how a few months after their marriage, she had coolly informed him that her only reason for marrying him at all, was that she thought he would make a successful business man, especially as her father advocated his cause and promised to push his interests; and intimating that in return for her condescension, his business in life henceforward was to see that she was supplied with the things she cared for. He had done this to the best of his ability. But the end was that after a few years she left him, ran away with the man he had supposed to be his best friend, the two having managed to involve him in a speculation which resulted in his ruin,—the loss of everything but honor. He had given up everything and buried himself in this wilderness of mountains and plains. To keep from thinking he had worked hard, and in a quiet way had prospered. He was a well-to-do, common-place, rough rancher, like a thousand others.

His story told, briefly as he could manage it, he asked for an account of Emily's life since the summer they had spent together in his father's house. He had heard nothing of her, but had imagined her well cared for, by some member of the cousin's family with whom she had lived.

She had little to tell. Her life seemed so denied, so barren. Yet looking into her face one would say that no really barren life could result in the sweetness and strength of character imaged there. Though her life had been so uneventful, though the story of it was quietly told, something in the simple recital brought tears to her listener's eyes, and an ache to his heart.

It was strange that so closely bound in sympathy as were these two, so united by all the associations, hopes and pursuits of their youth, each so fitted to the needs of the other, so truly attached to each other, and with perfect confidence in each other—strange it did not occur to them that their truest happiness might lie in and with each other; the blind instinct was there; but it had never resolved

itself into a conscious thought in either case.

Nevertheless Tom felt that he could not lose his cousin again, and said so.

He wished her to leave the Flemings at once, but this she would not listen to. She had engaged to go with them; they depended on her; they had been kind to her, and she must go.

"Well," said he, "I shall keep you in sight in future. I'll not get off the trail again. And you're not going back to live in a tenement-house, to sew your fingers off and your eyes out while I live. And you're not going to be a nurse-maid either. I'll see that you have a home and a comfortable one, the rest of your days."

"No, no, Tom!" was her answer. "I can earn all I need yet. I could not live on charity—not even yours."

"Charity! nonsense! If I can't help my own kinswoman, I may as well throw up my hands and let the game go. What have I to work for?"

They had other opportunities for discussing this question during the days that followed, and though they did not come much nearer an agreement, they seemed to find much pleasure in their talks. They had not only present and future to consider, but all the past to bring back and view in the new light of maturer years. It was like renewing their youth. Tom's face lost its sternness and rigidity of outline; Emily's grew rosy and fair again, and her blue eyes shone like stars.

Arrangements for the mountain trip were soon completed. Joining hands with another small party fired with the same ambition, they made themselves very comfortable, and secure, apparently, against all the disagreeable contretemps which could be apprehended. As the weather was very warm for that altitude, they carried tents and camping conveniences, thinking to make the excursion easier and pleasanter, by taking it very leisurely and camping out for a night or two.

The men carried guns and game-bags, the women microscopes, sketch-books, etc., according to individual predilection. The children were wild with delight, and impatient for the start. Their enthusiasm infected their elders until they were scarcely less eager, and the whole party started off, one brilliant July morning, in the merriest spirits possible.

They made few halts until about half way up the mountain, then as the children were tired and hungry, and seemingly not quite so much in love with life on a bronco's back as they had been at starting, they dispatched a scout to find and report on a camping site which should as nearly as possible meet their needs. He soon returned and led the way into a sheltered little canon, strewn with souvenirs of earlier camping or lunching parties in the shape of tin cans sufficient to build a cabin, interspersed with occasional beer-bottles, bones, and other relics. The children found these very interesting, and began collecting them for impromptu building purposes, while their elders put up the tents, and prepared to add their quota to the collection.

The mountain air was productive of good appetites. They did full justice to the repast. Then the men took their guns and departed with high hopes of game. The women and children spent the rest of the day quietly in and about the tents, or in making short excursions to find good "bits" for sketching, botanical and geological specimens, and the like.

Early the next morning, all refreshed and eager for action, they started on up the mountain. They met with no great difficulty, but when dinner-time came, they were all tired enough to be glad to dismount and eat and rest for a time.

The children, finding no such formidable lions in the way, as the opposition made to this scheme had led them to expect, had grown more adventurous. After dinner Ada and Ted, having wandered a little away from the camp in search of curiosities as souvenirs of their trip, took it into their wise heads to go on up the mountains alone, and astonish the rest of the party by reaching the summit, and all alone! How they could crow over the croakers! And what a thing to tell their school-fellows when again at home! It was not far. Mr. Tom Norris had said so. They were sure they knew the way. They could not miss it. So off they started, with never a thought as to the alarm their absence might cause when they came to be missed and looked for.

Consequently, when the members of the little band began to report at head-quarters preparatory to breaking camp and continuing their upward journey, much questioning arose as to the probable whereabouts of Ada and Teddy. One was sure he had seen them here, another, there. But as the moments sped by, and they did not respond to the calls, or discover themselves in any corner or winding of the path, anxiety deepened into real alarm.

"We certainly cannot go on without those children," said their father, and all agreed, yet no one knew what to do.

To Miss Emily came a suspicion of the truth. She

knew the more reckless the idea, the more charm it had for Ted, and that Ada, although older, was apt to follow his lead. She spoke of her fear to Tom. He in turn mentioned it to the father, who grew white at the thought, but had to confess it was not unlikely.

Tom said if some one would stay by the burros while others looked through the defile and canon near the camp, he would go on toward the summit and see if they could track the run aways.

"Let me go with you, Tom," said Miss Emily, in a low voice.

He turned and looked at her questioningly.

"I am afraid it will be too hard for you."

"No; I can climb very well. Indeed, It may be of use. I can go into places you cannot, for I am lighter than you."

As he did not at once reply, she went on:

"Please, Tom, let me go. I can't be easy unless I do. I ought not to have let them go out of my sight. But they said they were only going a few steps away after stones, and those green little plants that grow in among the rocks. I expected them back every minute."

"I don't think you need reproach yourself," he said. "But you can go with me if you like. Two may be better than one."

They took the most direct way up the mountain, going slowly, however, and making many detours to one side and another, looking into every ravine, down every cliff, behind every mass of rock; and at last while exploring a little side canon, they found what they thought might be evidence of the children's recent presence,—a number of small plants, lately picked, somewhat crushed, but only slightly withered, lying among the stones at their feet.

They felt that they now had the right clew, but were none the less anxious. Tom knew there were dangerous places near,—unexpected canons and precipices, loose boulders and abrupt descents, to trap unwary childish feet.

A little further on, and still further aside from the route they had chosen, they found a bit of blue wool fringe clinging to a jagged rock. Ada had worn a wrap bordered with such fringe. And if this were not enough, near this lay a pocket-knife with a freshly broken blade, which Miss Emily at once recognized as Teddy's. She hardly knew whether she was more relieved or alarmed. The children had evidently lost all idea of the direction in which they were going. Where were they wandering now? Were they lying at the bottom of a precipice, or lost in some stony ravine?

They searched this place closely and carefully, but finding no more tokens of the children's presence or passage, they separated for a time that they might look the further.

"Don't go far," said Tom; "not so far but that you can hear me call—or—wait, take this."

He gave her a little whistle which gave a shrill, ear-piercing call, and told her to use it if she found traces of the children, or if she needed him.

Thus equipped, she felt secure, and, following an idea of her own, she went along to the edge of a canon which seemed a little fresher and greener than most at that altitude, and through which, far below, a shrunken mountain-stream brawled noisily along over its rocky bed. The way here was comparatively smooth, and tended decidedly upward. She thought it not unlikely that the children might have chosen it, imagining it a direct ascent toward the summit.

She had not gone more than a quarter of a mile along this way when she thought she heard the sound of a child sobbing. She caught her breath and hurried on, turning an abrupt corner around some rocks, and coming within an inch of falling down a sheer precipice that yawned before her, and which had been entirely concealed by the obstructions that blocked the way. She escaped only by a quick backward movement that preserved her balance, and by the lucky chance that her foot did not slip.

As she recovered her breath and looked about her, she saw Ada a few steps away, sitting on the ground, wringing her hands and sobbing as if her heart would break.

Miss Emily sounded her whistle vigorously. Ada started and looked up, then sprang to her feet and threw herself into her kind nurse's arms.

"O Miss Emily—Teddy!" was all she could say, a fresh burst of tears and sobs choking her utterance.

"What is it, my pet? Where is Teddy?" asked Miss Emily, soothing and caressing the child, though her heart grew numb with terror.

But Ada could only point over the edge of the cliff to a ledge some twenty or thirty feet below. As Miss Emily looked, she distinguished the boy's slight form lying still among the boulders that formed the ledge. Its slight projection had saved him from being precipitated into the torrent far below, which would have meant, of course, instant

death. As it was, he had had a heavy fall, and he lay so still that, Miss Emily's heart sank as she gazed.

"Has he stirred at all since he fell?" she asked.

"Yes, once," answered the girl. "A few minutes after he fell, he looked up and called to me. I told him to lie still, for I was afraid he would slip over the edge, or the stones would give way. But since then he doesn't answer when I call, and oh! Miss Emmie!"—

She was sobbing again, and Miss Emily knew not how to comfort her.

Tom was so long in making his appearance that she again sounded her whistle, and yet again. She was beginning to feel a little alarmed at his delay, when she saw his tall figure rounding a corner in the rocky path, and in a moment more he was beside her. He was pale, and carried his left arm in an impromptu sling made by his handkerchief and a bit of cord.

"What is the matter?" she cried. "Are you hurt?"

"I had a fall down a bit of treacherous cliff," he briefly explained.

He did not say how a deeper and probably fatal hurt had been avoided by desperate efforts at clinging and climbing which only a hardened mountaineer could have made availing.

"It was a stupid piece of work," he went on impatiently." After years in the mountains to slip and fall like a baby! No, my arm is not broken,—only bruised and strained so it's not of much use. It's very inconvenient just now," and he looked gravely down at the quiet, childish form on the rocks below.

"I don't think the fall would kill him unless he struck his head. But how to get at him?"

"Can't some one go down with a rope?"

"Yes, but—however, a rope is the thing to get. I was a fool not to bring one with me."

"You couldn't know."

"I might have known a child like that couldn't wander long about a mountain without falling somewhere. But it's no use talking. I will take the girl back to camp and bring a rope and more help. If you will you may stay here and keep watch. If he comes to himself, caution him not to stir."

In spite of his wounded arm, he put Ada up against his shoulder and carried her down the path as if she had been a baby, instead of a well grown girl of eleven; and she, exhausted with her long climb, worn with sobbing and terror, was glad to put her arms around his neck, and rest in his strong, firm clasp.

It seemed to Miss Emily hours, but it really was not long before he was back, with a long coil of rope, and two or three men, pale and frightened, but collected, and ready to do anything he might advise.

The boy had not moved. But rescuing him from his perilous position was not so simple a matter as it at first seemed to some of them. The descent was almost sheerly perpendicular. The little ledge on which the child lay was formed by a few large, loose boulders which in falling from above had caught and balanced on some slight projection from the face of the cliff. A touch might set them rolling again. It was this fact that made Tom Norris' face so grave as he prepared the rope for the descent, knotting it at intervals, and fastening his coat against the edge of the cliff, that the rope passing over it might not become chaffed and frayed.

It was evident that with his almost useless left arm he could not himself make the descent with any certainty of success. Even if he reached the ledge safely, both arms would be needed in bringing back the child.

Mr. Fleming said he would go. Tom reluctantly gave him the rope. His face was grave and full of doubt and hesitancy. He finally said:

"I ought to tell you I cannot feel any certainty that you will succeed in getting him off."

"Why not? I am not a mountaineer, but I am not altogether unused to climbing, and I have some muscle. I don't think I shall have any difficulty in getting down the cliff. There are slight projections here and there that will help me."

"O, there's no trouble about that," said Tom, with some impatience. "But don't you see that the boulders he is lying on are loose? They are only lodged. Your weight added to his might easily send them down. You are rather a heavy man."

"I see," said Fleming, turning pale. "Is there no one lighter than I?" looking around on the little company. "No' much, I fear."

"I am lighter," said Tom, "and perhaps I'd better go. I can use my arm a little. I scrambled up a steep cliff with it not long ago. I dare say I can do it again."

"But you didn't have a child to carry."

"And I didn't have a rope and strong arms to help."

As Mr. Fleming waited, hesitating, Miss Emily came forward.

"Tom," she said, gently, "let me go. I am lighter than any of you."

They all turned and looked at her. Her face was pale, but full of quiet resolve. She evidently knew what she was saying.

"You would be dizzy," said Tom.

"I am never dizzy.'

"You would be afraid."

"No."

"You are not used to climbing."

"I've done a deal of climbing in my life, as you ought to know," she said, with a queer, half pathetic, half merry, little smile; "and if my strength fails for this, you are surely all strong enough to pull me up."

It was true, as Tom remembered, that in the old days of reckless, childish daring, Emmie had done, as she said, a deal of climbing, and had been neither dizzy nor afraid. She had been his comrade and assistant in many an adventure that required nerve and courage. The spell of the old habit being still in some measure upon him, to accept her help in this emergency did not seem to him so strange a thing as it might have done to another. And yet he hesitated.

"Tom," she said, at last, "*you* shall not go down there. It would be certain death to both you and Teddy, and no benefit to anybody."

"I think she is right," said Mr. Fleming. "There is little, if any, danger to her if proper precautions are taken. We will tie the rope around her waist, and then if her strength fails, we can draw her up without difficulty."

"When you reach the ledge, take the boy up in your arms, and let us draw you both up together," said her cousin, as he tied the rope about her.

Miss Emily removed her shoes and all heavy wraps, then fastening her skirts close about her, she began the descent. She reached the boy without accident, but with some weariness and strain of muscle. When she saw how insecure was the support on which he lay, she did not dare to rest. She gathered the unconscious boy up in her arms, and signalled to the men above to draw them up.

As they rose slowly in the air, she saw at once that her strength was not equal to the strain she had put upon it. Long years spent in a tenement-house, sewing for daily bread, had not left her the muscles of steel possessed in youth; and the day's exhaustion and emotion had already greatly exhausted her. She called to the men to let her down again.

"I can't do it," she said. "I should let him fall. You can draw him up first, and then let the rope down again for me."

She unfastened the rope, and tied it fast about Teddy's waist and arms. Then she watched him as slowly and carefully they drew him up the steep cliff until he was safe in his father's arms.

Tom scarcely looked at him. He was watching Emily. But even he scarcely realized her danger, as she clung to the loosely lodged boulders, not daring to look downward, but watching the rope in Tom's strong, right hand, ready to be flung over the edge of the cliff.

At that moment one of the smaller stones beside her slipped from its niche, and fell with a dull, echoing thud into the gorge below. The coil of rope, thrown with a strong, sure aim, rolled swiftly down the cliff. Miss Emily rose and reached for it. A moment more and it would be in her hand.

But even that light, careful movement brought a fresh strain on the already loosened rocks beneath her. The nice balance which had kept them in place, now wavered—was lost. The big boulders trembled, slipped, fell—and Miss Emily with them, down, down, with a sickening rush and roar and crash, upon the jagged rocks, a hundred and fifty feet below.

. . . . . .

Teddy's injuries proved less serious than was at first feared. He soon recovered consciousness, and despite a broken leg and many bruises, he was in a few days almost himself again, though obviously debarred for some months to come, from further mountain climbing, or equestrian practice.

For Miss Emily there was no waking in this life. Her body was recovered, though not without difficulty, and they carried her back to Manitou that evening—a sad and reverent procession in place of the merry party which had so gaily started out the day before.

Olive gently straightened the poor, crushed limbs, and draped the still form in soft white, ready for the burial. The face had been spared. It was not even bruised. It was all peace, with nothing to indicate the swift terror and agony with which life had taken flight.

When she was at last ready for the coffin, Olive called Tom, who had never gone away, and together they stood looking down on the pale, still face.

Moved by a kindly impulse, Olive began to talk to him gently of the dead woman and her life. She

spoke among other things of the preceeding summer, which Miss Emily had spent with the children in the country, of the offer of marriage made her by Deacon Hathaway, and their surprise at her refusal.

"Most women in her circumstances would have married him," she said. "I am not prepared to say what is the absolute right in such a matter. But she thought she was right. She was true to her convictions; and I honor her for it. But why was her instinct so true? Can it be that sometime in her life she had known love—and lost it?"

"I don't know," said the man, putting his hand to his head with a weary gesture. Olive looked at him a moment, then softly left the room.

Tom remained as she left him. He looked long and reverently down on the peaceful face. How young she looked! The fine lines about the eyes and mouth were now smoothed away. Wasting illness had been spared her, and her cheek was round and fair. Long lashes lay upon it. The white eyelids were gently closed as if in sleep. Olive had arranged the bright, brown hair in a soft coronal that well became her. The lips were curved as if about to part in a smile.

To Tom it seemed, for a moment, that life and thought came into the face. He could almost imagine that the blue eyes opened and bore their part in the sudden transformation. To him she looked as she had looked at eighteen, in that summer which had been a bright spot in his memory ever since, though at the time he had, perhaps, scarcely appreciated it.

Whose was the fault that she had drifted away from them all into that life which, as she briefly related it, had touched him to the heart—so dreary, so denied, so barren, had it seemed to him. And now he had let her go to her death—for him, he knew, as much as for the child.

And was not this all? Had there been also, as Mrs. Fleming had suggested, an unhappy love to darken her life?

Looking down at the white face, it seemed to him that the smile faded, and a mute reproach looked out at him from the still features.

Suddenly there came to him a new light, a revelation, and he knew the sweet, loyal heart of the woman before him better than she had known it herself. With it came a vivid, penetrating sense of the happiness that might have been his if he had but known.

He buried his face in his hands and groaned. "And yet I have spoiled two lives. Are mistakes punished more relentlessly than sins? *She* was happy enough the last I knew, with plenty of money and a train of admirers, while my poor girl was slaving to keep body and soul together. Are we given honest hearts only for a mockery?"

There was a contraction at his heart that held him as in a vise. He threw up his arms as if with an impulse to free himself, and again his eyes fell on that quiet face.

Was it fancy, or did the pale lips smile gently and lovingly? Did a soft ray from the blue eyes gleam out from under the closed lids, and sink down into his heart until the vise that had gathered there, that held and hurt him so, melted away into a gentle dew that choking back the rebellious thoughts, and brimming over at the eyes, relieved his pain and swept away all bitterness forever?

I do not know. But his face softened as he gazed, and tears, such tears as no man need be ashamed of, dimmed his sight.

"Forgive me, dear," he said; and he bent and kissed the sweet, curved lips. "I know what you would say. Mistakes have no power in the land to which you have crossed. You have—escaped,—yes, that is the word. And some day soon, I shall be free to follow you."

LETTERS TO OUR GIRLS.

ADDIE DICKMAN MILLER.

IV.

MENTAL ABILITY FOR THE DAY.

PHYSICAL ability, unaccompanied by mental energy and capability and force, is but a useless weight -a lever with no applying power.

The mental faculties, when well trained, are the good genii which marshal out the forces of the body to the execution of the work which belongs to their province, but when perverted or left untaught, these same faculties prove themselves to be the evil genii which thwart our noblest purposes and benumb our highest aspirations.

A familiar Arabic proverb says, "Men are four: He who knows not, and knows not he knows not—he is a fool, shun him. He who knows not and knows he knows not—he is simple, teach him. He who knows and knows not he knows—he is asleep, waken him. He who knows and knows he knows—he is wise, follow him. Of the foolish, simple, and sleeping, there are many, but not a successful person among them all. Success comes through positive knowledge, and a modest self-consciousness of such a possession, which gives faith and reliance in one's own ability. Without these, it is impossible to compete in a "fair field with no favors" with any degree of individuality. With these there comes a reputation for ability (which is half the battle), and to him that hath shall be given.

It is by having that we use, and by using that we develop and receive. To know one knows does not mean indefiniteness and reticence in conversation. "Every one is eloquent in the things he understands." It does not mean hesitancy in action—many of life's richest opportunities are lost and ever lost, while wondering whether we know.

To know one knows does mean the cultivated use of God-given faculties—it does mean talents gaining other talents—it does mean an accomplished, attractive womanhood.

But to attain this knowledge of knowledge is no slight matter. It is not received as a gift from our parents—a part of our heritage. It comes only as the result of personal application to that end—one long continued, thorough, producing a development that is natural, lasting and useful, by a lodgment of a truth here, a fact picked up there, a combination of the two and a thought by one's self, which is worth "a thousand gleaned from fields by others sown."

To have a practical eye in this getting, is of the utmost importance. Not that you should seek to know nothing except that which is directly in your line, such a course is born of narrowness and begets selfishness; but purpose to keep what you get, and purpose to use it. Young ladies are often outstripped by their brothers for this very deficiency,—that they "hardly expect to use their education after they get it." It is wanted more as a finish—a polishing more than a culturing. Mental strength is not gained in that way, neither can a very complete store of useful knowledge be thus attained—and this strength and knowledge you must have if you wish to attain to true womanhood, which is much more enhanced by mental beauty and perfection than by bodily attractions.

Can you look "fifteen minutes at the point of a cambric needle without winking?" If not, how many minutes can you look at it? The power to thus concentrate the mind signifies mental strength. Education means a sharpening of the mind, but it means more, it means the power to control to use one faculty or many—to arouse to the severest exertion or to lull to rest and sleep. This ability to control and concentrate the powers of the mind is the richest result of an education and the most potent factor of success in any undertaking.

Humanity has two great needs which stand paramount to all others: one is more depth of heart for man; the other, more breadth of mind for woman. These grow out of each other. It is not enough for woman that she be intellectually bright, witty, deep; even learned, she must be broad—able to compass great subjects, human questions—able to separate great truths from her own personal and family interests. Give her such breadth, and her individuality will exert itself without fear of what Madam Grundy may say, knowing that true merit need fear naught, because mankind instinctively "clears the way" and makes obeisance upon seeing its approach. Give her such breadth, and she will understand better her own interests and that of her family.

Then the mental attainments which must be yours would you succeed in life, whatever may be your chosen place, are broad views, the power to focalize mental forces, and a knowledge of knowledge. Not in stinted measure as though for yourself alone, but have plenty and to share. "To be filled to overflowing, is to give unasked—and live."

JUNE ROSES.

O SING of the Roses,
The beautiful Roses,
Adorning the warm, pulsing bosom of June.
Exult in their sweetness,
Extol their completeness,
And only lament they must perish so soon.

O, sing of the Roses,
The snowy, white Roses,
The pink, and the Roses with hue of a star,
The deep-hued, the tinted—
Give praises unstinted—
O, sing of all Roses, anear and afar!

They climb on rock-ledges,
They glow amid hedges,
And choicely are cultured within garden wall;
Or lofty or lowly,
Or sinful or holy,
Their fragrance and beauty are free to us all.

O, stately the Dahlia,
And fair the Azalea,
And countless the blossoms they cheer us to view;
But what, like the Roses,
Such beauty discloses,
Such wonderful beauty of form and of hue?

Then sing of the Roses,
The beautiful Roses,
Or scentless, or filling the air with perfume,
They lessen our sadness,
They bring to us gladness,
These Roses that gem the fond bosom of June.

—*Vick's Magazine.*

IN A SWAMP.

FRED MYRON COLBY.

"Come from the dim woods, come from the sea,
Come to the meadows and laugh with me;
Great hoary trees are gloomy things,
And dismally ever old Neptune sings:
Come to the meadows bright,
Where in the sunny light,
Over the blades of grass
Soft, winged zephyrs pass;
Come with me there.
Come from the uplands high,
Where the rich cornfields lie
Golden and rare.
Come from the shady woods,
Come from the roaring floods,
Come where the meadows lie fragrant and fair."

SO we will begin our rambles in a swamp. It might be fairy land instead, or a bit from an Arcadian landscape, with all sorts of memories and pleasant associations, sweet and enchanting as one's recollections of the *Arabian Nights*. In its shady places, and by its lazy tranquil waters, might have sported some Daphne of the olden time, and here Tityrus, stretched at ease under the beechen boughs, might have "taught the woods to re-echo beautiful Amaryllis."

How the old dwellers on the earth loved the soil! Greek, Roman, Hebrew and Egyptian, Celt and Teuton. All had that natural, true instinct for our dear old Mother Earth, for the trees, the wild flowers and the birds, for the sunshine and the rain, and even for those country smells that, like the ambrosia of the gods, permeates every nook and corner in the long Harvest time. We, their descendants in more senses than one, have the same great love for out-of-doors, and those of us who were so fortunate as to have grown up in the country, how we like to go back to our childhood's haunts where we wandered knee deep in the grassy fells, followed the cows from pasture up the shaded lanes, or picked berries in the meadows while the sunshine glistened in the morning dew.

The swamp that I remember was a part of the "old pasture" that stretched out east and south of the big barn and the red farm-house on the hillside. It was a broad area of land extending, in a rambling sort of way, back of the fields till it met the tracks of other proprietors. Some few acres were timber land, where grandfather procured his supply of fuel, and there were open spaces of level sward, furnishing juicy pasturage for the three cows, Brindle, Loo and Fawn, and the calves and yearlings, that nightly through the long summer months, were driven up the winding lane to the old barnyard. But there was a wide extent of moist, sedge land, bisected by a sluggish little stream, and dotted by several small bogs in which flags and bulrushes flourished, and yellow water lilies grew, and lizards and frogs made their home in the deep, dark water. For trees, there were clumps of hemlocks and spruces, willows and birches grew by the winding brook, and there were solitary oaks and maples, huge and branchy enough to shelter another "Royal Charlie," or toss its boughs over a Saxon Witenagemot.

The trees, the long reaches of bog and peaty hillock, were not all, however, that made the swamp of my childish recollections. It was full of all wonderful and hidden things that grew rank and wild there, a perfect oriental bazaar of curious niches that were an unceasing wonder and delight to me. It had knolls fragrant with sweet fern; its surface was broken by boulders, bossed with gray-green lichens. There was spagnum moss, so rank that one sank into it ankle deep. In one part of the swamp was a patch of checkerberry vines, and on the sunny hillside beyond ripened the earliest

and largest strawberries. Near the strawberries was an old ruined cellar, where once had been the home of an early settler, and a row of apple trees stood by the filled up well.

The swamp was secluded, but to us never lonesome. We knew its inmost recesses as familiarly as our own door-yard. We haunted it at all times and seasons, morning and noon and night, hunting birds' nests there in summer, and following the wood path amid the winter snows behind the yoke of patient, plodding oxen that we had broken when they were wild, rollicking calves. It was dear to us as it was to the solitude-seeking thrushes, whose notes of melody used to float through its open patches and shady glens at close of day. How many summer afternoons we spent on the rude log bridge that spanned the dreamy brook! What crisp, bonny October mornings we hunted for beechnuts among the falling leaves and frost flowers! How many still spring twilights we passed picking the red checkerberries from their green nests, or playing Indians among the hemlocks and spruces that lined the path!

All sorts of large-leaved, juicy plants grew on the edges of this great pasture field. The banks of the brook and all the low marshy spots were lined with marsh marigolds, with their splendid golden blossoms, every cup a chalice fit for a woodland nymph to drink from. Near neighbors to the cowslips were the sagittarias, with stalks of white, yellow-centered flowers and queer lancealated leaves. Deeper in were partridge vines, with their berries of choral; great tangles of gold thread, with their fragile blossoms; two-leaved Solomon's Seal; snowy white cohosh on stems of red pipestone; tall, queenly cat-tails and ferns of every name; polypod ferns of shining green, bleached ferns, sensitive ferns, gigantic cinnamon ferns, the Goliahs of their kind, and the superb Osmunda, whose pinnated leaves suggest the regal diadem that crowned the stately Saxon queen from whom the plant takes its name.

What loads of treasure we were always bringing home from that old swamp! Armfuls of clematis, for one thing; "virgin's bower," we called it then, though since we have learned to like the good strong Saxon Withy-wind, as quaint old Evelyn named it. Woodbine, too, flaring crimson the late autumn through, and quantities of wild grapes and berries. What delicious berries they were, picked in the dew and the sunshine, when the shadows of the trees fell slanting on the green sward! None have tasted so sweet since. Through all the midsummer days bloomed the daisies, swaying on their slim stalks, white, open-faced, sunny, beautiful, on a green "mede," as fair to the eye as when Chaucer sung:

> "Of all the floures in the mede,
> Love I most these floures of white and rede,
> Such as men call day's eyes in our town."

Between the knolls, in the dryer places, were flowering sedges and wild grasses. I am quite sure that the Melic and Galingale of Tennyson and Jean Ingelow were there; for what but a wild grass with a honeyed name was the "Melic" of that meadow, where the high tide came in on that fearful night when "my son's wife, Elizabeth," walked there calling plaintively: "Cusha! Cusha!" till the waters came? Galingale, we all know, is only a sedge with flowers like heads of grain. What a sight was that level greenness, shining from end to end with beautiful color, as the yellow light of sunset slanted across it, transforming it into a warm, glowing picture that rivaled far anything of Claude Lorraine or Carot! Can you not fancy an Ænone under the shadows of yon trees, piping for a lost Paris? Circe could reign there, or Calypso hold there an Odysseus in enchantment. In this entrancing spot fairy Ariels and pea blossoms come to one's mind, and all the splendid richness of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

> "The velvet sward seems carpet meet
> For the light fairies' lively feet;
> Yon tufted knoll, with daisies strewn,
> Might make proud Oberon a throne;
> While, hidden in the thicket nigh,
> Puck should brood o'er his frolic sly;
> And when profuse the wood witch clings
> Round ash and elm in verdant rings,
> Its pale and azure pencilled flower
> Should canopy Titania's bower."

Oh, the woodsy smells of that old swamp! They come to me to-day with the organ of memory, and my jaded nerves quicken and thrill as I inhale the steamy gush of their frankincense and myrrh. The odor of that cool, moist ground, combined with that of pungent pennyroyal and sassafras and the thurriferous pines, hemlocks and cedars, floats in at my window as I write, and surrounds me like the cloud with which Athene enveloped Diomed. There is tonic in these woodsy smells, and no Naiad or water nymph ever sought a refuge with half the zest that we did the cool recesses of that beloved swamp.

Time after time we explored the mysterious recesses along the alder-fringed banks of the brook-

let. We fished in the pools with white butterflies and dragon flies buzzing about. We played in the brown shadows and in the waves of topaz, where the warm October sunlight brightened the opened places. We gathered every flower in its season, from the earliest arbutus and violet, through buttercups, lilies, cardinal flowers, medolas, to the witch hazel flowers that fill the chill November air with sweetness. That closed the floral year. The tawny gold of the lingering petals is the last tribute of Flora. There is nothing more of summer in the meadows for us.

Jack Frost's icy fingers locked the swamp in glittering fetters of frost, and softly the snow flakes settled down upon the wild expanse. But the white, wide waste was never dreary to us, but pleasant even then, for underneath the snow we knew the mosses lay green and vivid as of yore, that the twinberry and the partridge vine were still flourishing there, and that the roots of violet and dainty fern, and crocus and daisy were all alive, and would, when the kiss of the sun god aroused the slumbering princess, send up their fresh leaves and beautiful blossoms again.

THE FARM HAND.

"I ALWAYS thought there weren't no good come o' that visit to New York," said Luke Calthorpe, shaking his grizzled head, as he sat in the March twilight with the red glimmer of the blazing hickory logs illuminating his upright form and strongly marked features.

Close beside him, on a little stool, sat a slender, fair-faced girl with brown hair and limpid hazel eyes, and a pink-touched cheek, where a solitary dimple went and came at every word she spoke. This was Rosamond Calthorpe, the farmer's only child.

"I enjoyed it very much, papa," said Rosamond, softly.

"Yes, but it's the consequences I object to," insisted Luke. "Here's my little gal hasn't been home three weeks, afore there comes a letter from some young highflyer or other, and I'm told she's engaged to him. I tell you, child, I never wanted my Rosamond to marry a rich man's son."

"But, papa, dear, he's none the worse for being rich," coaxed Rosamond, laying her little velvet hand softly on the old man's freckled wrist.

"How do I know he's none the worse?" demanded Luke Calthorpe, almost fiercely. "*I* think he is; he *must* be. Why, just look at the common sense of the thing, child. Rich and idle and shiftless—a fellow that smokes cigars all the morning, drives fast horses on Bloomingdale Road all the afternoon, and gambles all night. There's your rich man's son for you."

"Oh, papa, Geoffrey Everleigh isn't a bit like that! I wish you would consent to see him."

"But I won't consent. I never will consent. Child, I won't give you up to such a man as that. I haven't loved you and cherished you like a little ewe lamb all these years to see you thrown away at last. You've been dreamin', Rosamond; it's high time you waked up. You'll be a deal happier married to some one of your own station in life, who does a fair day's work in the sweat of his brow, as the Lord meant him to do, and ain't afraid of honest labor. Don't speak to me on this subject again, child—we won't never agree on it; and believe me, Rosamond, the old father knows what is best for you."

Rosamond Calthorpe said never a word in reply, but when the fitful firelight again touched her cheek, the roses were gone, and the lashes drooped sadly over the downcast, dewy eyes.

And the letter she wrote that night to Geoffrey Everleigh was stained with the traces of many tears:

"Papa says I must give you up, and I fear his resolve is unalterable. I shall be just as true to you always, Geoffrey, as if we were married, but I cannot disobey my father. If you had only been a farmer's son upon these bleak uplands and mountain sides, we might have been happy, but papa has a strong and unaccountable dislike to my marrying what he terms 'a rich man's son.' Please don't answer my letter—it would only make us both miserable; but remember—oh, for sweet Heaven's sake, remember that I shall be forever and ever yours, and yours only.

ROSAMOND."

And then, ere she sealed it up, she kissed the paper over and over again, remembering that *his* hands would hold it, his eyes rest upon its pages.

The days and weeks glided quietly by, and the white blossoms of the May-tide sprinkled all the

vales with perfume and color, while Rosamond Calthorpe's heart was sad and unresponsive to the great rejoicing of nature. She had strictly enjoined it upon Geoffrey Everleigh *not* to answer her letter, yet when day after day went by and no missive of love or remembrance reached her, she was almost tempted to reproach him in her inmost soul for obeying her orders too literally.

"Perhaps it is better that he should forget me," she mused; "but, oh, I did not think I should pass away from his memory so soon."

"Rosamond," said her father, one June evening, "that's a capital hand Squire Martin's got for the spring work; as sterling a young fellow as I ever saw."

Rosamond sewed on, her head drooping over her work. In truth she was but little interested in the matter under discussion.

"Good-looking, too," added the farmer, meditatively. "I s'pose one of the Squire's daughters 'll be makin' eyes at him. By the way, they want you to come over there to-night. There's to be a dance or something."

"I don't care to go, papa."

"But I wish you would, Rosamond. I'd kind o' like you to get acquainted with this George Ellis. He's the very man I should like best for a son-in-law. I've been kind o' watchin' him all along, for I had a sort o' notion when he first came to Squire's that he was a milksop, and wouldn't be o' no account. But I never was so mistook in all my life. I tell you he's the finest fellow hereabouts. Got the spunk of a red Indian, and a will like iron."

"I dare say he is very nice, papa," said Rosamond, listlessly, "but I shall never marry."

"Never marry! Why, what nonsense is this, my girl? Of course you'll marry, one of these days. It's the nature of women. Come, put on your ribbons and furbelows, and we'll go across to Squire Martin's."

"Not to-night, papa," said Rosamond, wearily. "I do not feel in the humor for going out."

And the farmer was finally compelled, after much futile coaxing and useless reasoning, to go alone.

Rosamond was sitting in the half light between sunset and darkness, with her cheek leaning idly on her hand, thinking, she herself could hardly have told of what, when a light footstep disturbed the gravel in the path, and there was a rustling among the full-blossomed syringa bushes in the door-yard. She started up, and parting the vine-leaves with one hand, gazed nervously out.

"Geoffrey!"

Geoffrey Everleigh it was—tall, straight and handsome, with brown hair half concealed by a drooping straw hat, and his dark, mirthful eyes shining out from its shadows.

"Then you didn't expect to see me, Rosamond?"

He folded her to his bosom as he spoke, and pressed his lips tenderly to her flushed cheek.

"I thought you were in New York, Geoffrey," she faltered.

He sat down on the low, calico-covered lounge at her side.

"You were mistaken, then," he said, quietly. "I have been in Cedar Vale these ten months."

"In Cedar Vale? And not seen *me?*"

"And I have been your near neighbor, too, my little Rose of the World."

"I don't quite understand you, Geoffrey," faltered Rosamond.

"Allow me to introduce myself, Miss Calthorpe," said Geoffrey, rising, and bowing with the utmost gravity. "Squire Martin's new farm hand, George Ellis."

Rosamond looked at him with wide-open eyes of astonishment.

"Geoffrey," she said entreatingly, "you are deceiving me."

"Indeed, I am not; haven't you heard your father speak of me?"

"Yes, but Geoffrey—"

"Well, what is it?"

"What is the meaning of this strange masquerade?"

"Darling," said Geoffrey Everleigh, his simulated gravity changing suddenly to a sort of playful seriousness, "in the old Bible times, Jacob served seven years for a wife, and they seemed to him but as a day for the love he had unto her. Even so am I serving, and you are dear to me as the dark-eyed Rachel was to the patriarch of old."

"And you have gained papa's heart already," said Rosamond, smiling radiantly. "Oh, Geoffrey, you will let me tell him?"

"Not just at present, Rosamond, the time is not yet opportune for such a revelation. Let matters work themselves out, and we ourselves will possess our souls in patience. Trust it all to me, Rosamond, and I shall carry you back to New York with me, this coming autumn, as my darling little wife. I don't think your father will object to my being a rich man's son, when he sees what a day's work I can do at husking corn or cutting upland hay."

It was past ten o'clock when Farmer Calthorpe returned, but Mr. Everleigh had to ensconce himself behind the big elm trunk for at least five minutes before he could make his escape, so calmly did the old farmer stand on the door-step, looking musingly around ere he made up his mind to enter the house and draw the huge iron bolts for the night.

"Did you have a pleasant evening, papa?" asked Rosamond, demurely.

"Yes," said the farmer, meditatively, rubbing his chin. "Yes, pleasant enough. George Ellis wasn't there, though. I'd like to ha' seen him."

"You seem to have taken a great fancy to this Mr. Ellis, papa."

"He's the finest fellow I have seen this twenty year, child! A pity there wan't more of his cut now-a-days."

Mr. Calthorpe, in his unconscious way, as artful a maneuverer as any fashionable Fifth Ave. mother, never rested, after this, until he had achieved the grand object of a meeting between George Ellis and his daughter.

"I *do* wish they'd fancy each other," thought the old man, as he sat watching them, on the evening of this triumphant exploit. "Oh, dear, why can't we order these things to suit ourselves?"

Apparently the course of this new true love was destined to run smooth. George Ellis and Miss Calthorpe became firm friends and allies, greatly to the disgust of Squire Martin's three apple-cheeked daughters, who had, each and all of them a special interest in the handsome young farm hand. And when, finally, matters culminated in a formal proposal made to Mr. Calthorpe by George Ellis, for permission to woo and win Rosamond, the honest farmer's delight was beyond all bounds.

"God bless you, my boy!" he ejaculated, wringing Ellis' hand until the young fellow actually winced. "You're making me the happiest old man alive. Ask her. I'll be bound she won't refuse! Or, if you would prefer to have me speak to her first—"

"I would much prefer it, sir."

"Then I'll do so. But don't worry. It'll be all right, sir, if it's not!"

Farmer Calthorpe could scarcely wait for George Ellis to depart before he went straight to Rosamond, and announced to her the good fortune in store for her.

"Of course you'll say yes," he concluded. "There's not a finer fellow in all the world, nor one I should feel better satisfied to call your husband."

"Papa," said Rosamond, never lifting her eyes from her work, "I'll never marry any one but Geoffrey Everleigh."

"Geoffrey Everleigh be hanged! There, there, child, I didn't mean that, but you must see the folly of that old love affair yourself. He's forgotten all about you long ago, and—"

"He has *not* forgotten all about me, and he will be here this evening to plead in his own behalf."

The muscles round Luke Calthorpe's lips grew fixed and rigid like iron.

"I'll see him in Alaska before he shall be your husband," was his sole answer, as he turned away, with a face of such bitter disappointment that Rosamond's heart almost misgave her for the moment.

At four o'clock precisely, Mr. Calthorpe came to call his daughter.

"George Ellis is here to receive his answer, Rosamond," he said, wistfully.

"Papa, Geoffrey Everleigh is here also."

"I won't see him," said the old man, hastily.

"Yes, you will, papa," coaxed Rosamond, drawing his arm through hers. "In the parlor."

"George Ellis is there."

"So is Geoffrey, papa," and Rosamond entered, leading the unwilling paterfamilias. "Geoffrey, plead your cause with this obdurate father of mine."

Mr. Calthorpe started in open-mouthed amazement.

"Yes, sir," said Squire Martin's farm hand. "I am Geoffrey Everleigh, and a rich man's son, but I trust you will forgive the stratagem by which I won your sanction to my marriage with your daughter. Let George Ellis speak for Geoffrey Everleigh."

"Is this the truth, Rosamond?" asked the old man, turning to his daughter.

"Yes, papa."

"Well," said Farmer Calthorpe, "if Geoffrey Everleigh is as good a fellow as George Ellis—and I've no reason to say he ain't—why, I s'pose I may as well say yes."

And Rosamond Calthorpe became the wife of a rich man after all.

A GREAT UPLIFTING.

SARAH D. W. GAMWELL.

NOT two generations have passed away since the "line upon line and precept upon precept" of study were delegated almost exclusively to the boys.

The sisters were only too happy, if by any extra attention to spinning or weaving they could add a little to the general college fund for John. If one of them ever realized that she was broader than her horizon, and longed to master more than the rudimentary studies which constituted her curriculum, or to enter in and possess that wider field to which John's books furnished the key, she probably felt as if she was a second Eve, who could not put forth her hand and pluck the fruit of the tree of knowledge without overturning the established order of things.

Those were the days when ministers in powdered wigs received boys into their families to prepare them for Harvard or Yale, but nowhere do we learn of any corresponding provision for the girls. Yet even in those early days there were a few who were not only brave enough to study Latin themselves, but to make way for their sisters to do the same. And there was one, consecrated of heart, strong of purpose, clear of vision, whose whole soul was fired with the desire to open wide the gates for woman, who, clad in homespun robes, went up and down the length and breadth of the Connecticut valley, infusing new life into the dry bones, and breaking down the barriers of prejudice, till Mt. Holyoke Seminary, the pioneer in the higher education for woman, had an existence and a name. The summer of 1887 it celebrated its fiftieth anniversary.

Mary Lyon, whose heart felt no fear only that she "should not know her duty, and knowing it should fail to do it," lived long enough to reap of the fruits of her labors, and to be satisfied.

To her resting place under the shadow of those walls, consecrated by her prayers, do men and women come as pilgrims to a shrine, and they do well, for even Mary Lyon "builded better than she knew."

Yet in those early years the leaven worked but slowly. "You are not going to throw your money away teaching that darter of yourn Latin?" was the surprised query of a well-to-do farmer. "In my opinion all this talk about girls studyin' is stuff an' nonsense. They'd better stick to their weavin' and learn more of bread makin'.

The "stickin' to the weavin'" was well enough, when there was nothing better, but these later times have developed a higher plane, and to-day our colleges for women take their places side by side with those for men. Not only that, but it must be clear to the thoughtful observer that the tides of sentiment are rapidly turning in the opposite direction, from the status of society years ago, so that to-day, while our colleges for boys are full, there is not the *demand* for classically educated men that there was then. To make my meaning clear, the success in business is asserting itself over the professions to that extent that it is becoming to be a serious question, "Does it pay to send a boy to college?" On the other hand the thought is uppermost that the daughters must be educated.

A wealthy gentleman from a western centre sent four daughters successively to an eastern college, his sons meantime receiving only a "business fit." When enquired of upon the subject, he replied: "To the young women of our country do we look for culture in the home. Our daughters have the leisure for full courses of study. In view of the pressing demands of business our sons have not the leisure, and I am not sure but the classics would unfit them for business if they had." In confirmation of this let me give the experience of a gentleman who controlled large financial interests to which he wished his sons to succeed. Two of his sons were educated "for the business," to the third and youngest he gave the full college course of Harvard. As a result, the young man returned from his years of study to his place in the office of his father, demoralized for his work, and disgusted with his outlook. The older brothers, who stuck to their desks, made the "success," while he to whom was given the wider outlook was forced to the humiliating confession that he was a disappointment and a failure. It is not my purpose to enquire as to the reasons for this, or to speculate on the comparative merits of "success," either in business or professional life.

In the world's system of weights and measures it cannot be gainsaid or denied that there is too often "that which enricheth and yet tendeth to poverty." I do not discuss this question from the

standpoint of the boy, but look simply at its effect upon the future of woman. It does not follow that every young woman, to be a success, must be able to scan the rythmic measures of Virgil, or roll Homer as a sweet morsel under her tongue. It is not true that all our daughters are fitted physically for an exhaustive college course, or that they would be truer, happier women if they possessed it. But it is true that there never was a time when there were so many avenues to employment open to women as to-day. If the saying of the French philosopher holds true, that "the great panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to, is first occupation, second occupation, third occupation," then may woman rejoice that the hour of colleges for woman rings the dawning of a brighter day for her, for in the "world's broad field of battle," there never was a time when there was such a demand for woman's work as now. It is not as formerly that she must spin and weave in her little corner, and lay aside year by year from the household supply, that which furnished her own "setting out;" it is not as formerly that the great object of her life from childhood up is to be married—if she did not get a husband, poor thing! at twenty-five she had gone over to that much despised class of old maids for whom nothing was left but the crumbs which fell from their more fortunate sister's table.

Said a learned writer of the present, "Marriage, which always involves grave uncertainties, has tenfold grave uncertainties for woman," and so I say woman ought to rejoice that the present beckons her with its open avenues to a vocation and to independence.

Philanthrophy calls to her; wretchedness and want hold out their hands appealingly; the downtrodden and they who have no helper; accursed from birth by the greatest evil that runs riot under the sun, the evil of intemperance, innocent little children, blighted wifehood and motherhood, and decrepit, tottering old age, all these from their depths cling to the hem of her garments, and cry to her "save or we perish."

The woman of to-day can write, she can speak, she can act, without detracting one iota from her womanliness, and when this great stone of wrong, which crushes such a large part of suffering humanity to-day, shall be uplifted and forever rolled away, I believe the first to greet the dawn of reformation, as she was the first to hasten it, will be a woman.

MY FRIEND MILLIE.

AMELIA H. BOTSFORD.

A PATIENT, cheerful, unselfish life is a blessing to every one who comes in contact with it, and the influence which such lives exert is often greater than is known or even guessed. It was my happy fortune, when quite a young girl, to be thrown daily into association with one of these rare spirits, and the remembrance has been so often a help and cheer to me since then, that I wish to widen the circle of its unconscious influence, and take in the thoughtful reader.

At the first glance one would have taken Millie to be not more than eighteen, though she was really twenty-five; for she was below the usual height and very slight, and her short, curling hair added to her youthful look. She had a very pretty face; large brown eyes, a mouth made for smiles, and a cheek which would yet dimple when she laughed. You would not have guessed, to look at her, that she was the bread winner and burden-bearer of a family of seven; but so it was and had been ever since her father's death, when she was scarcely eighteen. She was the eldest of the six children, and the mother, even could she have taken time from the care of the home and the younger children, was totally unadapted to facing the world and earning a living. She was a sweet, gentle woman of the dear home type, but the daughter, with her mother's sweetness, possessed a greater courage, and took upon her slender shoulders the task of keeping the family together. They owned a pleasant home on which there remained a few payments still to be made, but an uncle agreed to take the responsibility of these on himself, and insure them against losing the property.

Millie tried, as girls fresh from school are apt to do, school teaching as her first resource; but she taught away from home, and her board bill took the greater share of her wages. She could not support the family in this way. There was a printing office in her town which employed girls, and here she learned the business, and being bright, and naturally quick with her fingers, she was soon able to

earn fair wages. She could thus board at home, and be of much use there after work hours,—that time which is a working *man's leisure*—but which can seldom be spared for rest by a woman. How Millie's wages, even eked out by the garden, ever supplied the needs of that family of growing children until the next in age was able to contribute a little to the general fund, is a problem I will not undertake to solve. Doubtless they often saw days of pinching and discouragement, but the God in whom they trusted was able to deliver them. For Millie and her mother were earnest Christians, and took their cares and sorrows as from the hand of God—that best and sweetest way of taking all trouble.

It was a wonder to me in those days, that Millie could always be so cheerful; an unruffled gentleness, a pleasant smile, and sometimes even a merry laugh,—these did not seem to fit with the burdens I knew she carried. As we grew closer friends, and she told me her girl secret, I wondered still more. When her father died, she was engaged and soon to be married; but the wedding was put off and off. She felt that she couldn't leave her home, nor could the lover undertake the support of them all. There was nothing to do but to wait; but he grew tired of waiting, and she released him. That was years before, and when she told me the story she did not know whether he had married or not, or even if he were living.

Circumstances separated us in a few months after I had learned to love Millie, and we never met again. For a while letters passed back and forth, but she was so busy that I did not wonder that in time she dropped the correspondence. Her last letters were at wide intervals. She told of a younger sister's marriage, of her brother's going West, and, finally, the last news I was ever able to get, her letter told me she had tried her eyes so by type setting, especially by the night work, that she was obliged to give it up. She was then staying with a friend and fitting herself, in hospital work, for a situation as nurse.

This was her life as far as I knew it. Days and nights of toil for the home and the children, then as one by one they grew up and took for themselves the happiness she gave up for their sakes (not one of the younger children gave up any career or marriage for the general good), and she might have hoped to relax her efforts, the trial of failing sight, and a new employment to be sought and learned. It was a life devoted to others. There are many such; mothers living for their children, wives merging themselves in their husband's interests; but the beauty of Millie's life, was the way in which she carried the burdens that are, alas! not uncommon.

Courage, and patience, and cheerfulness are rare, but Millie showed them forth in her daily life in a way that might well charm us. Let us try not to bend so visibly under our crosses, nor to think them so much heavier than our neighbor's. So we may learn the lesson these faithful ones would teach us.

HOW WE LEARN.

GREAT truths are dearly bought. The common truth,
Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walk of easy life,
Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Great truths are greatly won; not found by chance,
Not wafted on the breath of summer dream;
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Not in the general mart 'mid corn and wine;
Not in the merchandise of gold and gems;
Not in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth;
Nor 'mid the blaze of regal diadems:

But in the day of conflict, fear and grief,
When the strong hand of God puts forth in might,
Ploughs up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,
And brings the imprisoned truth seed to the light.

Wrung from the troubled spirit in hard hours
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,
Truth springs, like harvest, from the well ploughed fields,
And the soul feels that it has not wept in vain.

—*Bonar.*

GRACE WINSLOW'S GIRLHOOD.

SARAH M. PERKINS.

VII.

"Thrice blessed is the family or neighborhood that numbers with it one of those not yet ascended saints. Gentle are they and tolerant, apt to play with little children, easy to be pleased with simple pleasures, and with a pitying wisdom guiding those that err from the right way."

IT was the first Sabbath in September, and Grace went with her parents to the small village church. "Our last Sunday," said the Captain, "we shall sadly miss you, Grace."

"I know you will, and when the day comes I shall want to be at home. I wonder what kind of sermons we shall have in Vermont."

The church bell was still ringing when they passed to their seats, and the people were slowly assembling. The little short-limbed merchant in his best suit was bustling to his seat in the choir, while his pretty wife and children were quietly taking their places a little in front of the pulpit. The Widow Evington in sable weeds, a devout saint, was passing to her place beside her daughter. She had four or five stalwart sons among the audience, all heads of families, all upright and manly in their conduct, and were the pride of that aged woman's heart.

Behind her came Mrs. Cass, a sharp-tongued widow, who gave her pastor a severe lecture on one occasion, because he exchanged pulpit services with a brother minister who was extremely awkward and homely in personal appearance.

"He may be a good man, and all that!" she exclaimed. "I presume that he is good, but a man who wears such a dreadful face ought to regard it as his duty to keep out of the pulpit." Little Georgie Cass walked beside his mother, her only child, and well known in the village as the most mischievous urchin there, but the embodiment of all perfection in the eyes of his partial mother.

Thus they came one by one till the church was nearly filled. Mr. Mortimer, the skeptical lawyer, was there, he always went to church to please his wife. She had faith enough to remove mountains, had there been any in the vicinity that needed removal. The farmers and their families for many miles around were all there, for the day was propitious, and they had no reasonable excuse for remaining at home. Last of all came the clergyman, Parson Harvey, who went rapidly up the aisle to his own place in the pulpit. As he opens his books and reads the first hymn we will sketch him very rapidly. Tall and thin with a pale countenance, mild blue eyes, iron-grey hair, and long bony hands. Altogether he had the air of a benignant Christian gentleman, who fed more upon books than upon the substantial comforts of the world. He had been many years the beloved spiritual guide of that little flock in Sydney, and every passing year seemed another link to unite him more closely to the hearts of the people. Gentle, humble and guileless in his manners, he early gained the esteem of all who came within the sphere of his influence. Little children loved and trusted him, and would relate to him the whole history of their pet dogs, and kittens, and dolls, all their joys and trials in school; children of a larger growth, the young men and maidens, freely discussed with him their ambitious hopes and plans, and gathered from him choice bits of wisdom, which were a help to them over the rough places of life. Though no children ever blessed his own home, parents often came to him for advice, well assured of his ready sympathy in all that pertained to the welfare of the little home flocks. Aged Christians, too, whose work was nearly done, looked to him for blessed words of cheer to illumine the way over the river of death. He went out and in among them, giving them not only holy words, but what was far better, a pure and blameless example. Mrs. Harvey was the opposite of her husband, small in stature, with a remarkably well-kept baby face. Her manners were cold and austere, and she was always in delicate health. Few persons knew her well, yet those who did venture upon the forbidden ground of her friendship positively asserted that beneath a cold exterior was hidden a sensitive, kind-hearted, pious woman. Be this as it may, she succeeded in making a comfortable home for her husband, and as he was satisfied, the parish was content.

Grace threw her eyes over the congregation, all of them well known friends and neighbors, and tears came to her eyes, as she thought of the many Sabbaths that would come and go and she would be excluded from the sacred scenes. She wondered if the people would miss her, or care for her absence. Mr. Hamilton sat in a pew just opposite, and he had two gentlemen with him, literary friends

from Boston. She knew that she should sadly miss his patient care, and intelligent conversation, but would he ever think of his backward pupil? Would he ever know how grateful she felt for his instructions? She had tried to tell him one day, but the right words would not come, and the attempt was a failure.

The hymns and prayer were finished, and the text, "The peace that passeth understanding," was given out. The pastor spoke first of the bright hopes that open the heart of the young, as they start upon life's journey, cheered by music of birds, the fragrance of flowers, with the dew drops glittering upon the wayside foliage. The roses all seemed thornless, the music had no discord, and the dew drops were gems from Golconda's mines. Jeweled fingers beckoned them to a happy future, and they were impatient at the tardy flight of time. But the passing years would throw off the thin disguises, and thorns would pierce the fingers that plucked the roses, and discords would mar the harmony of the music. All were seeking for happiness, and some imagined that they found it in dress and fashion, others sought it in vice and dissipation, others still in intellectual and worldly wisdom. but they were vainly trying to quench their thirst in broken cisterns that can hold no water. The good Father never created an immortal soul with a capacity to be satisfied with mere earthly attainments. The soul is greater than its surroundings, and its cravings can only be satisfied with spiritual food,—the living waters of divine truth, which spring up to everlasting life. The human heart needs the influences of the Holy Spirit to enable it to see the exceeding sinfulness of sin in the sight of God, that by true penitence it may come to the great Physician and be healed. Christ was the way, for there is none other name given under heaven, among men, whereby we must be saved. The yoke is easy because the dear Master will assist in bearing it, the burden is light because of the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway."

Youth was the time to seek the Saviour, ere the cares of the world burdened the shoulders, or the spirit was corrupted by the baneful influences of evil. After reaching middle life, few, comparatively, yielded their hearts to the holier influences, or accepted Christ as the guide of their lives. Our churches were mainly supported by Christians who were early converted; our missionaries, the great number who had taken the gospel to the heathen, were nearly all converted in early life. Heaven was full of redeemed souls, clothed in the spotless robes of salvation, who had early given their hearts to God amid the soil and sin of earth.

"O lovely as youth at the bridal seems,
Where the plighted heart is given,
A higher and holier beauty beams
From the face of the bride of heaven;
A spirit devoted to holy love,
A child of the second birth,
Whose faith and affections are anchored above,
Is the loveliest thing on earth."

Mr. Harvey closed his sermon with an earnest exhortation to those who were seeking happiness in forbidden paths—in the pursuit of gain, or fame, to turn and seek the true riches, the real peace which passeth understanding, which comes only from a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man. With a real Christian fervor he grew eloquent with his subject, saying:

"Is there no young heart in this audience to-day that would like to begin the Christian life? Shall the recording angel that hovers over this sacred Sabbath scene, return without a single name to present at the foot of the throne,—to the Lamb that was slain as a sacrifice for sin? Stop Gabriel, thou that comest to earth on missions of mercy, wait till thou canst hear a single name of this youthful band who worship here! Carry the glad tidings of one soul that repenteth, that there may be joy in the presence of the angels."

Many of the audience wept, and that Sabbath day was the beginning of a new life to several young persons who listened to the sermon. Grace was deeply impressed, she felt the need of the Saviour's presence in the loneliness and trials of the future, and she returned home in a thoughtful mood, and retired to her room with the Bible in her hand. The holy influences were striving in her heart, and she almost yielded to the spirit of truth. Her father read her feelings in her expressive countenance as she passed up stairs, and mentally prayed that the good seed might take root, and his only child become a true Christian. They had a long conversation in the gathering twilight of that Sabbath evening—a talk that was remembered with peculiar pleasure by Grace when lonely and weary of study, and she was pining for the loved home that she had left.

When another day dawned, a wet, rainy day, the clouds wept their farewell to her, but a number of merry young girls came in, clad in waterproofs, to say good bye, and the trifling jests and sallies of wit passed around as usual. Then came the ride to

the station in a close carriage, the farewell kisses of her mother, the polite adieu of Mr. Hamilton, the seat in the railway car, and the shifting panorama of the country between Sydney and the hills of Vermont.

Will Grace be happy in the bustling hive of a girl's seminary?

VIII.

"Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore,
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away,
The world's great dreamer will thus unfold,
And yield a pleasure better than gold."

The scene is again changed, and Grace is at boarding school. Her father came with her and saw her safely under the roof of the east hall of the seminary, paid her bills in advance, according to rule, then bade her farewell and returned home. After his departure Grace went up to her little room, unpacked her books and placed them upon the table, and shook out her dresses and hung them in order in the little bit of a closet assigned to her use. This done, she seated herself at the only window of her room and tried to look out. But the church came up so near to the window that the view was obstructed, not even a stray sunbeam could find its way into her room. She looked again over the little room that was to be her home for so many weeks and months, she contrasted it with her own elegant sleeping room at home, and a feeling of homesickness came that she could not resist. She laid her head down upon the edge of the table and sobbed violently. Ella Howe soon came into the room.

"Grace Winslow!" she exclaimed, in much surprise, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing, only I am homesick and shall never be happy here, never! no grim old general ever looked as stern as the matron, and Miss Cook, the vice-principal, looks as if she were made of iron. I shall never love them and I wish that I had gone home with father."

"Miss Cook made of iron:—of course she is, a kind of intellectual iron, with a fraction of brass and a few grains of gold; and as for loving her, or the matron either, that is the queerest idea in the world! you are a goose to think of it! It is not required of us, and we break no rule in hating them heartily. They spend so much time in trying to be like the ancient apostle, in magnifying their office, that they never expect to win love. They are clothed with a little brief authority and make the most of it. Then to be homesick is in perfect order, and one of the fashions of the seminary. I have seen girls pine for home till they were so weak they could scarcely stand upon their feet. It don't cost much for our food during the first few weeks. But when once we get gloriously over it, and know all the hundred rules, and know how many we can break without being found out, then I tell you we have lots of fun. You will get initiated after awhile, will she not, Jennie?" turning to a stranger girl who had just entered the room.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Why, you see, my friend Grace is already pining for home," said Ella, "and I am telling her what good times we have here sometimes, and promising to teach her all our ways, and she will cheer up after awhile."

"But I came here to study," said Grace, "and I wish that my lessons were given me for to-morrow, then I could go to work and drive away these sad feelings."

"Study! you will get enough of that!" said Jennie Warren, "we just skirk all that we can, and then we work hard enough. Are you so scholarly as really to love books and study?"

"Certainly!" said Grace, "if not, why should I come to school, when home is so much more desirable?"

"Oh, young ladies now-a-days are expected to graduate at some school; and shirk as much as we may, if our teachers are faithful we do pick up a great many facts and useful ideas. Sometimes when I wake up in the night my conscience scolds me a little, and I do regret that I am not a better scholar, when I have such excellent advantages; then I resolve to do better, but when the morning comes I put it off. There is not half a dozen girls here out of the eighty who really love study, or do half as well as they might."

"Honestly and truthfully spoken, dear Jen!" said Ella, "but Grace is a pet at home, an only child, and she has been abroad with her father, has seen the Chinese on their native mats, the Turks on their silken couches, has sailed up the Amazon with the natives of South America, and has been in danger of being devoured by cannibals of the Pacific Islands. With her free life, and after all her adventures, and her hair breadth escapes, and knowledge of the world, it will be an interesting study to

watch events here and see how she will develop, with so many school rules suspended over her head. She ought to have heard the lecture some of the new pupils received in chapel, last term, for the enormous sin of using a knife in eating."

"A strange subject to bring into the chapel at prayers, it seems to me," said Grace. "I think the Bible is silent on that subject."

"'Obey them that have the rule over you,' is a favorite passage with these teachers, I sometimes think that they have forgotten that they were ever young."

"That is not surprising," said Ella, "for it really must have been a long time ago. They are a set of maiden ladies of the most ancient type."

"Just as you and I may be in the future," said Grace.

"Yes, most assuredly *your* prospects are good for a state of blessed singleness; I might believe that had I never been in Sydney," said Ella.

"Do you like to write compositions?" asked Jennie of Grace.

"I do not know anything about them," she replied, "I have never written any, but I like to write letters."

"If you do not, you can get Susie Crawford to help you at any time. She is a regular blue stocking and can use her pen as nimbly as we do our tongues. She is far the best scholar here, and writes most charming poetry. She can imitate the style of Longfellow, or Whittier, till one is ready to declare that the poems are theirs. One of her essays last term was so charming that it was a real pleasure to listen to it. Sometimes she has such happy hits and allusions to the teachers and pupils, that we would be vexed, only it is Susie, and she is so kind and obliging to every one."

"You do not mean to say that Miss Crawford writes your compositions and you pass them in as you own," said Grace, "I do not think that is honest or right."

"Oh, that is not it precisely," was the reply, "that is not necessary, but when the horrid day arrives we go to her and she suggests themes and throws out ideas, and we take notes. I think that the teachers know it and wink at it, because the composition must be written and we are so very dull. Susie is only twenty but she has written one book. Her mother is a widow and they are very poor, and are obliged to make many sacrifices to keep Susie in school. I have heard her say that she must teach many years to pay for her education."

This school-girl talk was interrupted by the ringing of the tea-bell, and a long procession of pupils marched down to the dining room. All the faces were strange to Grace except that of Ella Howe, and she glanced sadly over them. She noticed that some of the old scholars seemed happy and had cheerful words for each other, but there was a long line of new girls and they were silent and dejected. Grace could not eat and vainly tried to swallow a cup of tea. When she returned to her room it was raining again, and as the heavy drops pattered against the window pane, she thought of her parents in their lonely home, and there came an intense longing to be with them again. She retired at an early hour and wept herself to sleep. But the morning came calm and beautiful, the school was duly organized, and when her lessons were given, she drove away her sadness by earnest application to her books.

Blessed toil! what a help in the time of sorrow, causing us to forget the dreariness of the way, bringing relief and sweet sleep, when without it, the heart would be wrung by the deepest anguish!

It was indeed a great change to Grace from her former quiet home life, and the shadows frequently returned casting their sombre hues across her pathway. There were times when appetite failed and the long walks in the open air, which she was required to take, exhausted all her strength, and she nearly fainted by the wayside. She grew pale and thin, and became the admiration of some of the stout girls who coveted a delicate complexion.

"What do you do, how do you manage to get such a nice pale complexion?" asked Josephine Campbell of her one day.

Grace gave her a withering look. "A very strange question, Miss Campbell!" she said quietly.

"Oh, don't get angry," was the reply, "some of the girls would give anything to be pale and delicate. It is not genteel to be healthy and large. I wish that I were a little thinner, but I don't see how to accomplish it."

"Leave off eating stolen crackers for one thing," said Grace.

"Don't ask me to do that, and it isn't wrong; we pay our board, consequently it is not wicked to take a morsel of food when one is half famished. We do indeed help ourselves when there is a favorable opportunity, and it is an understood thing and all right. I asked one of our teachers the other day

if it were wrong and she said she *guessed not*; and she knows, for she is a church member. Have you never stolen a single cracker?"

"No indeed!" said Grace indignantly, "I never practiced stealing and I shall not do it here."

"Well I am sorry that you are a saint and I a sinner, but it cannot be helped. Let me tell you *s'el vous plait*, of something which happened last year. There was a certain Mattie Kingsley here, a very mischievous girl, and she went down into the kitchen one evening after a pitcher of water. It was late and the room was empty, every Biddy had gone to bed, so she went exploring. In the pantry she found a whole barrel of crackers, and she exclaimed "*Eureka!*" and planned how she could get a large quantity of them up stairs, enough for herself and for all the girls who never would tell. She first filled her pitcher, then her pockets and then her apron. Thus loaded she started for her room, hoping to get there undiscovered. She was nearly to her own door, when Miss Cook, our vice-principal, came out of her room opposite. Mattie gave one spring to reach her door, when lo! her foot slipped and she fell, breaking the pitcher, and about half a bushel of crackers rolled out in every direction.

'Mattie Kingsley! are you going to set up a baker's establishment?' asked Miss Cook, in her sternest manner, as she fastened her steel gray eyes on the poor culprit.

'Please don't tell!' said Mattie, 'and I will purchase another pitcher, and never break another rule.'

Miss Cook pitied her a little and began to laugh at the ludicrous scene, and it would have been all hushed up, only the horrid old matron heard the noise and came up just as they were hiding the last cracker. Then there was a commotion in earnest. The poor girl had to confess in chapel, or be expelled, so she said *sorry*. I think she was very sorry for being caught, so there was no falsehood."

"This is all wrong," said Grace, "and I had rather not listen to such adventures."

"Well, you are the queerest girl in school!" said Josephine, as she danced out of the room.

[To be continued.]

* * *

"The Sweet By and By."

Success in doing things seems not always to depend on laws; at any rate on such as we can trace. So many parts of human acts and motives to action are dipped in the dark, that the world is full of surprises at unexpected results.

Individuals are often astonished at the outcome of some ordinary work they have done—an outcome of far-reaching and enduring importance. A grain of thought that incidentally strikes a reflective mind may grow to a mountain of consequences.

All this may perhaps be explained on the "tall oak and little acorn" principle, and suggests the question whether anything can properly be called little, which has inherent in it the possibility of great expansion. It would be an interesting discovery to find out what proportion of the great and useful inventions that have marked the progress of our race, were in their incipiency the result of accident; that is, of a germinal idea not originated by the mind, but dropped into the mind, uncalled and unexpected; how many were pushed into the thoughts by the simple force of circumstances without any mental effort. The elaboration and development of these seminal ideas, may in some cases require no small amount of mental labor; but the triumph is assured when first the fertile idea is caught. So perhaps the reputation of genius which a man acquires may all grow out of a random thought or chance association which happens to strike the head he wears instead of some other man's.

If Newton had been chatting with a friend under the apple tree, he might not have noticed the falling of the apple, and mankind might be still living in stolid ignorance of the universal law of attraction. But, fortunately, perhaps for his fame, it is a disputed point, whether such a mighty truth ever stood on two such slender legs as a falling apple and a lounging Isaac; so rapidly are all our pretty stories receding into the regions of myth. If the fool-killer were as busy as the skeptic, the world would become vastly more attractive than Newton ever dreamed.

The words at the head of this paper, will be recognized as the title of a well known song. This song is an example of those rare productions whose acceptance with the public, and whose fame far outrun the expectation of their authors. The composer, J. P. Webster, of Elkhorn, Wisconsin, a name familiar to all lovers of music, was a rapid producer of "sheet music," supplying by weekly installments the demands of a large publishing firm. This song, like many others, he threw off with a dash of his wonted inspiration, to take its chances for temporary popularity, and then die out to make room for fresher strains.

As a fine sentiment, clothed in fine language,

seizing on the public attention and commending itself to public taste, runs into permanent proverb, and becomes stereotyped in the memory of men, so a new strain of music may have some indefinable fascination that instantly reaches the heart and remains there a joy forever. It is probable in both cases, that the sentiment is unpremeditated, and the song unstudied, leaping into life, like Minerva, spontaneous and perfect.

No one listening to this melody could be made to believe that its author was stoical, unsympathetic or unrefined. Such harmony as it breathes could not come from a discordant soul.

Mr. Webster was a man of peculiar temperament. Naturally modest and sensitive, almost to a painful degree, he was retiring in his habits, diffident and taciturn. He sought no intimacies, and seemed satisfied in the confidence and esteem of a few friends. Yet he had a sunny disposition, a woman's heart in tenderness, an intense sympathy for others' woes, and a charity so broad that it seemed more liberal, even than the sublime definition of Paul. Nothing could exceed the beauty of his deportment in the family. With no lack of wholesome regulation, he was habitually polite toward his children, for whom his love would have been excessive if it had not been discreet.

He was a native of Boston, and after finishing his course of schooling there, and receiving a thorough training in music, came to Wisconsin to seek his fortune. He experienced the usual ups and downs in his adventures, but in good time found himself in a pleasant home in the midst of a happy family, with a comfortable income from the diligent exercise of his talent and skill.

Ten or twelve years ago, on a New Year's night, as he was going home at a late hour, he passed a Methodist church where the pastor and brethren were devoutly engaged in a "watch-meeting." Stepping in, he took a seat near the door; and an interval of quiet happening in the services, he arose, and in his pure, tenor voice, to the surprise and solemn admiration of the assembly, sang in full, the song of the "Sweet By and By," and left the house. It fell upon the people like a floating strain dropped from the song of the Immortals.

With far wider bounds of flight than the Roman lyrist claimed for the "swan" of his poetic fame; far beyond the "learned Hiber," and the "drinker of the Rhone," this fleet songster of a higher hope encircles the earth. Its strains are heard in hut and palace, in chapel and cathedral, in the full chorus of hilarious assemblies, and in soft, tearful tones in the silent chambers of death. All tongues and dialects have moulded themselves to fit its sweetness, because its chords touch the human heart by giving expression to the deepest and tenderest emotions of human faith. With a spirit ubiquitous as prayer, no place nor circumstances exclude or limit its appropriateness. It is hummed in the streets of all the capitols of the world. It is whistled by the lone fisher of Lapland, and the swarthy boatman of the Nile. It is sung in the olive groves of Palestine, and on the rocky coast of Alaska, in the gloomy prisons of Siberia, and in the sweet-scented gardens of the Pacific Isles.

It is equally the song of joy and sorrow. The cheerful soul finds in it the exultant expression of its purest hopes; and the despondent soul, the sweet solace of a promised peace.

One who has given such a song to the homes of men, is worthy to share in the honors paid to the daughters of Harmonia.—*Prof. J. B. L. Soule.*

WOMAN'S WORK.

THE LEND A HAND CLUB OF DAVENPORT, IOWA.

OLIVE E. COFFEEN.

ALL women will be interested in the account of a work undertaken by a live society of working women in the live western state of Iowa.

The membership is not confined to wage workers, but includes also a number of bright young girls from homes of competence, as well as some ladies, who, with time and means at their command, desire to consecrate some portion of both to the good of womankind; to the upbuilding of faith, hope, and charity, in relation to their own sex. No questions are asked as to station, nationality, or religion; all are alike welcomed. The one point insisted upon, is that members shall respect themselves and be worthy of the respect of others; not only that they must be

personally virtuous, but they must cultivate a spirit of charity and helpfulness.

The club is incorporated, and though but just a year old, has accomplished a work which certainly must be an encouragement and an incentive to women in other cities to avail themselves of the advantages of organization.

Being familiar with most societies of women now in operation for various and sundry objects, the managers of this club have tried to select the good of each, and avoid the undesirable features of all. They have incorporated the "lend-a-hand" idea, and adopted the Wadsworth mottoes. Each Ten has an independen existence, yet all work together for the common good. In this way each may learn how to conduct a meeting with propriety, and how to manage the business affairs of a society. The club is sustained by membership fees, donations, the proceeds of entertainments, etc. The annual fee is small enough not to become burdensome to any working girl who desires to become a regular member. Ladies may become sustaining members on the annual payment of $5.00; gentlemen, on the annual payment of $10.00. Any one may become a life member on the payment of $50.00.

The first public meeting of the club, was held April 16, the details of which I gather from the press as follows:

"The City Hall, adjoining the club rooms, was tastefully decorated for the occasion. Over the rostrum hung the Wadsworth mottoes, handsomely framed:

'Look up and not down,
Look forward and not back,
Look out and not in,
And lend a hand.'

Above it hung the Maltese Cross in white, with the letters I. H. N. The text, 'Bear ye one another's burdens,' the working formula of the club, held a conspicuous place.

Dr. McCowen, the president of the board of directors, presided. Reserved seats at the right of the stage, were occupied by the members of the club, a galaxy of bright, intelligent girls, each wearing proudly the tiny silver cross, the different Tens being distinguished by their colors.

Miss Ring recited a poem, 'In His Name,' in a very pleasing manner. The musical part of the program was especially fine. A quartette consisting of Mrs. Van Ness, Miss Readshaw, Dr. Rigby and Mr. Altman, gave two selections, and Mrs. W. H. Forrest sang a solo in her best style, Mrs. Mast playing the accompaniment.

Each president gave a report of the work of the year, in her own Ten. They described a variety of work, both at home and abroad, which gave their hearers an idea of what the phrase, Lend-a-Hand, means. It was shown that evening classes have been sustained in penmanship, aritlmetic, German, vocal music, sewing, accounts, etc.; that the beginning has been made towards a library; that the reading-room is supplied with a great variety of good reading matter; that the club room is used by a number of girls, not members of the club, who, by a ticket, costing but fifty cents a quarter, have access to the rooms, spend the noon hour there, in rest or reading, eat lunch there, have the use of toilet facilities, etc.; that an official organ has been established, called *Lend-a-Hand Echoes*, edited in turn by the different Tens, which has received commendatory notices from many different parts of the country.

Dr. McCowen gave the annual address, to which an abstract cannot do justice. She reviewed the work of the presidents, and stated that much of the best work of the club could not be set down in words nor added up in columns. That which most truly exemplifies the principles of our order, in response to the command, 'Bear ye one another's burdens,' cannot be proclaimed from the house-tops. Much of it is not made known, even to the general membership of the club. Constantly on the alert to do the helpful thing nearest at hand, it has often been a service in which heart has spoken to heart, in which the right hand did not know what the left hand did, and in some cases, even the particular Ten knew about it only in the most general and impersonal way. During the year the work has opened on every hand in a way truly astonishing, and it has become necessary to have some division of labor. This has been effected through standing committees as follows: executive, finance, social affairs, industries and employments, hygiene and physical culture, befriending, education, protection, library, and printing, from which list something of the important work attempted by this live society of women, may be inferred. As one step has been taken, another has appeared which seemed just as necessary to be taken, until from a single society with a membership of seven, we now have eight Tens with a membership of 81, besides the original circle of King's Daughters. From very modest intentions as to a place for meeting, we have pleasant club rooms in

the very best part of the city. We have paid out $38.00 for class work and $45.00 on our organ. Our club rooms are nicely furnished, and one of them seated for an audience room, and yet of the $330.00 total expenditure for the year, only $69.30 was donated. The coming year the finance committee are to have the assistance of an advisory board of gentlemen, but we doubt even with such aid, this evidence of business ability can be much improved upon.

The Doctor then acknowledged that the club had, too, its share of discouragements, its own trials and tribulations, vexations and anxieties, partly from within the camp, and partly from the camp of the enemy.

It has been found necessary to guard against the imputation that we are but another charity society. We have, in some instances, given aid, but it has been incidental to the legitimate pursuit of our objects, not an integral part of it. It has been thought best to leave this to the various relief societies and to the associated charities. Again, our aid has been invoked to provide employment, with the sneering assurance that we could, on demand, provide good places, with high wages and little work, for any who might come to us, no matter how incompetent. Our offer to lend a hand, does not imply even recommending one of our own girls for a place she is incompetent to fill, or recommending one beyond her just deserts. We do mean, however, to be helpful to all, and especially to our own. Not long since, one of the prominent business men of the city telephoned, 'I want to employ a young woman, one who is not only capable, but trustworthy. I want a Lend-a Hand girl.'"

The Doctor declared this to be the happiest hour of the year for her, for here was beginning to appear the fruits of the striving to cultivate a spirit which will be satisfied with nothing less than honest service of the very best kind which can be rendered. "Personal character, helpfulness to others, integrity of purpose, fidelity to duty, are the foundation stones upon which our edifice is to be reared."

After the formal exercises, one minute speeches were made by various business men, who were interested in the success of the movement. One gentleman, in particular, said he had had a great curiosity to know something about this new society, of which he had heard so much, and was especially desirous to know how they could justify their existence, when there was already such a multitude of societies devoted to all sorts of good works. As he listened to the reports of the various Tens, and especially to the president's address, he was thoroughly convinced that the work was a much needed one, and he wished it the fullest measure of success.

At the close of the exercises the audience was cordially invited to pass out through the cheerful club rooms adjoining the hall, where some time was spent in an informal social way.

One of the city dailies, in giving an account of the meeting, closed as follows: "The Young Woman's Lend-a-Hand Club has undoubtedly come to stay, and if last night's exhibit be taken as evidence, it deserves to stay. This kind of work must re-act upon all classes, and be a public benefaction."

* * *

Nearest the Hand.

Canon Kingsley wrote:

> "Do the thing that's nearest,
> Though it's dull at whiles—
> Helping, when you meet them,
> Lame dogs over stiles."

The Preacher said: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Not what thy heart longs to do; as the old "Disciple" has it, "Trampling under foot that enthusiastic doctrine, that we are not to do good unless our hearts be free to it." Not what we may think toward; that may never come within reach. It is what the hand finds to do, as if the hand sought work, and grasped what it could touch.

In this broad, generous America, that invites all the world to sit at her table, we certainly have work enough within reach.

Emerson says: "America is another name for opportunity. Our whole history appears like a last effort of Divine Providence in behalf of the human race."

Since God means every child of his to work with all the might for the salvation of others, according to ability and opportunity, he certainly requires good service of American Christians. No work lies nearer our hand than caring for the souls of Romanists. They come to us by the ship-load; most of them packed to the lips with superstitions and vices. Strong declares that seventy-four per cent of Irish discharged convicts, find their way to the United States. They bring the civilization that that old medieval Church has spread over Southern Europe, Sabbathless, marriageless, ungodly, and infidel.

We must evangelize them, if we would save our country from ruin. Lafayette, though a Romanist, said: "If the liberties of the American people are

ever destroyed, they will fall by the hands of the Romish clergy."

We owe it to these people that we take the role, not of the priest and Levite, but of the good Samaritan; we owe it to the Lord, who loves each dwarfed, disfigured human soul with infinite tenderness, to do our utmost to win to a better life these Romanists who elbow us everywhere. The work is not very difficult. A pastor told me that several of his church members had been brought up in the Romish pale, and that quite a number of his Sabbath scholars were "hickory Catholics."

Satan does his best to discourage us. "You cannot get Romanists saved. Their church holds them with such a grip you cannot reach them." We settle back, putting forth no effort, even though God sends them across the sea into our very homes. We pay our money to send people to Mexico, Italy and South America, to do this same work, with the odds all against them. We forget that Luther had none but Romanists upon whom to work for the great Reformation. We are easily discouraged, because we do not take this as the work God has laid next our hand for us to do.

The cook in your kitchen is not a piece of machinery, patented, and warranted to bring up the edibles in proper order, one with whom you have nothing in common except the culinary demand and supply. The Lord Jesus Christ died to make saintship possible to her, as certainly as to you. Her heart would open, under the touch of your sympathy, and you would find, beneath the rubbish, intensely human traits, capabilities, and aspirations.

The man on your farm, or driving your carriage, may be annoyingly stupid and awkward, but he is also a human soul redeemed by Jesus' blood. He might be led to Christ, and as completely and gloriously saved as the most excellent and exquisite piece of humanity of which you have knowledge.

Those little, freckle-faced, impudent, pugilistic urchins, swarming out of back alleys, and infesting all places where they are not wanted, hands grimy, hair matted, faces fairly glazed with dirt and sin—each of them might be brought to a blessed, beautiful life here, and glory hereafter. A little of the time that we waste in useless talk or idle reading, would get them to Sunday-school and win them to Christ.

When God lays a work like this near our hand, we must persevere through all difficulties and discouragements.

The lady whom the Lord set at Christianizing little Robert Morrison, found it no holiday business The Master did not tell her that she was training the apostle of China; she saw only a very discouraging little ragamuffin; but she persevered. She hunted him up, and clothed him from top to toe, three times, and each time, except the last, he slipped through her fingers, and made away with his new garments, after wearing them but once to the Sunday-school. She pitied the poor little waif for whom Christ died. God knew that that boy, if saved, would one day translate the Bible into a language read by half the human race.

Not every saucy little Pat and Teddie will turn out a Robert Morrison; but every one may be a white saint in glory, a star in Christ's coronet.—*J. F. Willing, in Western Christian Advocate.*

* * *

A Woman's Business.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

Many years ago, a class of school-girls about to leave school, listening to an address given by their instructor for their special edification, were told that "woman's profession should be to make others happy."

If this is true of women, is it not equally true of men? Certainly it is the business of every gentleman to consider and respect carefully the tastes and feelings of those around him. Disregard for others not only betrays that "deathful selfishness," which Ruskin rightly calls "vulgarity," but it shows a want of good breeding which has been well defined as "the apotheosis of self-restraint." Moreover, thoughtfulness for others is a prime essential in that religion whose blessed founder has said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Furthermore, and as an argument for that class of people whose mental vision is too narrow to look beyond the things of time and sense, it may be said that courtesy is not only a matter of principle and honor, but of policy. To honor is to be honored, and he who disregards others cannot wonder if in the end he too is disregarded.

Without doubt it is the duty and the privilege of every woman to do good, to scatter sunshine in dark places, to help those who need help, to make the little world through which she moves the brighter and better and purer and more wholesome for having lived in it.

But why *woman's* profession? Why not man's as well? The fact is, the speaker had no idea of any other profession being open to woman. In

those days, it was generally supposed that the chief end of woman was to be married,—to be a good wife and mother. The many who failed to obtain husbands were too apt to be regarded with pity or contempt, and designated "old maids," a term of obloquy, that in this enlightened age of woman, is happily going out of use.

In those days, there were few employments open to women. A young woman, compelled to earn her living, might teach, or sew, or weave, or do housework. What else? Really there was little else that she might do. Every other employment was considered unfeminine. I remember, as a child, thinking how much better it would be, if women were employed as clerks and saleswomen in stores, instead of men. It seemed so very effeminate to see a strong, able-bodied man, wasting his strength in the measuring off of ribbons, or lace or calico. But although it was considered quite right and proper for Mr. A. to sell "dry goods" or to prepare prescriptions and powders in his large, handsome store, to have had his sister or daughter do the same work would have been shocking, to Mrs. Grundy, at least. Indeed, this feeling, to a great extent, unhappily, still prevails. I say unhappily, for is it not a pity that so many valuable lives should be sacrificed to blind, unreasoning prejudice? Prejudice, which cramps and fetters and chills the free spirit by false notions of right and wrong or of decorum, giving the brother fresh air in abundance, with free exercise for all powers of body and soul, keeping the sister shut in to a narrow and often distasteful routine of petty household details, or matters connected with dress and society, till she is ready for any escape from so monotonous an existence, and hence so many miserable, ill assorted marriages; to use a homely proverb, "out of the frying-pan into the fire." *Ennui*, caused by dearth of congenial or varied employment, exists to a far greater extent than is generally known, among girls of all classes, especially just after the business and stimulus of school life is over. For the brother, there is then business college, or a profession, or he may go out into the great world "to seek his fortune," to get new ideas, and to practice what he has learned. He learns to labor, she learns to wait; the latter is much the harder task. Well has de Maistre said, "To know how to wait is the secret of success."

In a recent newspaper, is the sad death of a young woman who put an end to her own life, for no apparent reason other than disappointment in her first efforts at earning something. In other words, she had not learned to wait. Without doubt, every year hundreds of young women of good families and education, with excellent natural abilities, lose their health, their reason, or their lives, simply from *ennui*, or from the want of a congenial employment. If these same girls had been in business or college, with their brothers, or had given vent for their energies in any of the many ways of usefulness for which they were designed by their Creator, they might to-day be well and happy, busy with their proper vocation, and at the same time finding the truth so well expressed by saintly Herbert:

> "All worldly joys go less
> To the one joy of doing kindnesses."

It is matter for rejoicing, that as the world advances in civilization, new avenues of usefulness are continually opening to woman.

While eastern nations still shut up their women in harems, as ornaments or playthings, our more civilized and christianized western world recognizes in woman, as Adam did in Eve, an equal and a helpmeet. Both created by the fiat of the Almighty, not Adam alone, but both were invested by Him with responsibilities and powers, and "to them He gave dominion" over all the earth.

What a change, even in our generation! Truly "the world moves." Once domestic life seemed almost the only way in which a woman could rise or find honor.

Goethe wrote:

"Early let woman learn to serve, for that is her calling;—
For by serving alone, shall she attain to ruling,
To the well deserved power that is hers in the household.
The sister serves her brother while young, and serves her parents,
And all her life is still a continual coming and going,
A carrying ever and bringing, a making and shaping for others.
Well for her if she learn to think no road a foul one;
To make the hours of the night the same as the hours of the day;
To think no labor too trifling and never too fine the needle;
Forgetting herself altogether and living in others alone.
And lastly as mother in truth she will need every one of the virtues."

A beautiful picture of sweet, unselfish loveliness and devotion this which we cannot but love! But why not the brother or husband as well?

Indeed, in our day we may call to mind instances when this might be reversed and we might say:

"The brother serves his sister while young and serves his parents,
And all his life is still a continual coming and going—"

nor is he a whit the worse for it. He is a good brother, a good son, and should he marry, will be a good husband, and much more likely to be happy than he who has been waited upon all his life by mother and sisters, and taught to consider himself of more importance than they because he is a boy instead of a girl.

The happiest households are those where no difference is made on account of sex. The woman should not be the slave of man, nor the man the slave of woman, and so with children, they should grow up as equals.

A dear old lady told me once, that when young she was very fond of languages. The education of woman in this country, in her girlhood, was limited to reading, writing, keeping accounts, all kinds of sewing, embroidery, knitting, working of samples, etc., elaborate instruction in the making of jellies, pastry, and dainties, but as to physiology or the laws of health or Natural History or any of the sciences, they were never taught to girls. Even geography was for them considered an altogether unnecessary study, and when Master Woodbridge, just after the close of the Revolutionary war, opened his school for young ladies, in Newburyport, Mass., and introduced geography, Mrs. Grundy was shocked and *tout le monde* exclaimed, "What! Geography for girls! How absurd! Do they intend to be merchants like their fathers, that they study about foreign countries?

About thirty years later, or in the early part of this century, this old lady, then young, confided to a relative, a Professor in Harvard college, her ardent desire to acquire a knowledge of Latin and Greek. "My dear," he replied, "never let it be known that you ever had such an idea. You will be laughed at by the world, and called a blue stocking."

Nothing daunted, however, she began these studies with zest and energy, and in a few years had become mistress of no less than seven languages, among them Greek, Latin and Hebrew. Why not? Her grandfather was for many years President of Harvard College, and by the laws of heredity, what was more natural than that his peculiar talents should descend to his daughters, granddaughters, and so on down through successive generations.

There was no "Harvard Annex" in those days, but she dauntlessly pursued the studies in private and was able to render material assistance to one of the young students, who with a good heart and physique, had not half her brains, and afterwards the two were married. In the fifty years of happy married life that followed we have a complete refutation of the false theory that such attainments unfit a girl for practical domestic duties.

Public sentiment, in this regard, is continually changing as it becomes more apparent that the best wives and mothers are frequently those who are great enough in soul to do good and get good, not only at home but outside this comparatively narrow circle.

No one would dream of saying that a man was unfit to be the head of a family because he had a business or profession. Why then should it be said of a woman.

The ancient Greeks of the highest rank were compelled by law to have their children taught some useful business whereby they might, if occasion required, earn a livelihood. Shall we be less kind to our sons and daughters? There can surely be no greater cruelty than to permit a daughter to grow up without such an education and training as will insure her an honorable pecuniary independence.

It is a hopeful sign that in our day we see so many women at work; women who are eminent physicians, lawyers, writers, speakers; women who thrive in trade, carrying on their own stores, women who make money by carrying on farms or ranches, women who show ability and judgment in the buying and selling of real-estate, women who hold positions of trust in banks and in offices of the national or municipal government.

In New York City, (and doubtless elsewhere as well) a woman is a Notary Public of the County. In one of our western cities, a woman has recently been elected Mayor; and an excellent Mayor she is by universal consent, and a good wife and housekeeper withal. An example of real civil service reform, too, for she has chosen for the city council women of worth and ability without regard to party, some of them being republican, some democratic, and others prohibitionists.

Why should it be thought more unfeminine or strange for a woman to be Mayor, or even Governor or President, than to be Queen or Empress?

Deborah ruled Israel forty years most successfully, fulfilling not only the duties of Chief Executive, but also those of General of the armies and Chief Justice. At the head of all branches of Government, executive, legislative and judiciary—this shows what a woman may do.

The truth is, there is no business open to man that may not be also open to woman. As the world goes on, the fact will be more and more recognized that man and woman are in the sight of God equal. Why not then in law, and in the eyes of the world?

News Classes.

The young society ladies of Washington have formed what are called "News Classes," meeting a certain number of afternoons in a week to read the news and discuss the topics of the day. They employ a teacher who searches out the papers containing the greatest amount of news, and brings them to the classes, where they are read aloud and discussed by the teacher and young ladies, each giving her views upon the subject under consideration and adding her mite in the way of original ideas or bits of news collected outside of the class. Scandal and society gossip are strictly forbidden during the class hours: anything aside from the topics of the day is tabooed, and the object of the hour is to gain as much information as possible, and in a way not to be forgotten, of the current events of the time. In this eventful age the doings of a day would make almost a history in itself, while to keep up with the events of weeks and months would give one a large amount of useful information. Probably a large number of the young ladies of this class have joined it because it is the "proper caper," not looking upon the intellectual side of the question; but even under these circumstances, the course could not fail to be of some benefit to them, as in mingling with brilliant and intellectual persons, the duller mind is sure to gain something from the stronger intellect, even if it is done unconsciously, almost, it might be said, by breathing the same atmosphere. Since it has become the fashion to cultivate the brain, intellect combined with wealth and often without it, taking the lead in the society world, the majority of young ladies have taken up some study, while those who are making a business of studying the newspapers will get a vast amount of useful and varied knowledge which will all be exceedingly modern.

* * *

American Books in the Eye of Asia.

SHO NEMOTO.

American authors are more read than the English in Japan. Last year 85,000 English and 119,000 American books were imported into the Mikado's hands. The books brought these real facts before the progressive Mikado.

One is that women in Japan are making wonderful progress in studying English books; not only how to wear hats and *moderate* corsets, but greatly for mental education. Until recently the editors of women's papers were all men. But in March 1888, Mrs. Sasaki, the Secretary of Tokio W. C. T. U., and Miss Asai, brightly appeared as the first women editoresses in Japan. They publish the Temperance paper, and expect to manage the press work like the *Union Signal.*

Another remarkable fact is that men in Japan are not satisfied with the half absolute constitutional monarchy like one in Europe; of course they do not look after China nor Russia.

All sensible true patriotic Japanese expect to have English constitution in 1890, at least, while Japanese Bismarks want to hold the power in their own hands. The people further anticipate to elect the provincial governors by majority vote from their own states.

The power of American and English books are too great to a few Japanese Bismistakes. So in Japan, Mr. Gladstone in politics, Mr. Moody in religion and Miss Willard in social purity, are universally favored through the English books. 204,000 were imported in 1887!

ABOUT WOMEN.

A bright, ten-year-old girl was recently elected page of the Iowa House of Representatives.

Nine hundred and fifty women in Iowa own and manage farms. Six more have stock farms, and twenty, dairy farms.

The first official act of the Emperor Frederick, was the confering of the rare and exalted order of the Black Eagle upon his wife.

The Emperor of Japan has just created a new order of the Crown. Only women are eligible; it is to be a reward to those who perform any distinguished service.

Mrs. Dr. Smith has contributed $12,000 for the purpose of constructing a play-house at Newark, N. J., for the use of the children who have no place but the streets to play in.

Miss Henrietta Montalba sent to one of the spring exhibitions in London a rendering in clay of Edgar Poe's lines: "And the raven still is sitting, still is sitting on the marble bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door." The bust of Pallas is one of the

finest examples of modeling by this lady's hand. The grim bird of fate, with its elfish eyes, contrasts with the calm expression of the goddess.

An exhibition of woman's work is amongst the arrangements contemplated for the celebration of the Australian centenary at Sydney. An important department therein, will be musical pieces by women composers.

Mrs. Hanna Neilson is the manager of a successful dairy school in Denmark. She traveled extensively, learning how to make the finest kinds of cheese peculiar to each country. She now has hundreds of pupils, including counts and barons from all over Europe. She has taken a number of premiums, and at her silver wedding she was presented with a large silver cup by the Royal Danish Agricultural Society, as an acknowledgement of her share in the progress of Danish dairying.

Through the efforts of the W. C. T. U., of Steubenville, Ohio, the sale of the *Police Gazette* and the *Police News* has been stopped in that city.

Mrs. Mary B. Willard takes a company of young ladies to Europe this summer for a three months' trip, and in the fall settles in Berlin for the year. A party of girls sails early in September for Germany, to enter Mrs. Willard's Home School in Berlin, which opens September 19.

A large number of women voted at the municipal elections in Scotland recently, and seven women in a number of cities were elected to local government boards.

From a Sunday-school class of young ladies in Galesburg, Ill., taught by Miss Mary Allen West, *ten* have gone out as missionaries.

Elizabeth Harrison, of Chicago, has for two years been carrying on a course of lessons with mothers. These conversations are unique in design and scope, and are attended by steadily increasing numbers. Some five hundred ladies, have, during the past winter, availed themselves of this grand opportunity for acquiring the principles of Froebel's instructions. Three classes have met respectively at the churches of the Epiphany, Unity and Immanuel Baptist. All funds resulting, are devoted to aiding little children. Already from this source two free kindergartens have been established, and aid given to an industrial school.—*The Kindergarten.*

Mrs. Eliza Putnam Heaton, of Brooklyn, describes in a New York paper, a tour made among the shops and factories of New York City, ostensibly with a view to obtain employment, but in reality to form a clear idea of the demand for woman's work. She was met only with curt refusals. She found that it was not only more difficult for a woman to obtain employment than a man, in a business suitable for either, but that she was invariably paid less. In a city where, according to the statement of the Labor Commissioner, over two hundred thousand women earn their own living in trades and professions, any discrimination against their sex is a fearful hardship.

Sorosis, the New York women's club, has unanimously voted to become auxiliary to the National Council of Woman organized at Washington.

The Empress Victoria of Germany, has turned inventor. From plans drawn by her, a writing-desk has been manufactured, which enables the Emperor to write whether lying in bed or standing up. It is available in any position, and the mechanism is said to be intricate and remarkably effective.

Miss Delphine Baker is about to establish a Christian newspaper in Jerusalem.

Mrs. Maria E. Beasley, of Philadelphia, has made a fortune by the invention of a machine for the construction of barrels, which, up to that time, had been made almost wholly by hand. The machine is worked by three men, and turns out more than 600 completed barrels a day. Mrs. Beasley was born in North Carolina, of wealthy parents. She possesses remarkable mechanical genius. Her first invention was a machine for hooping barrels. It will hoop 1,700 barrels a day, and is used by the Standard Oil Company.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore has a new grand-daughter, born on the day of the great Woman Suffrage Festival.

The women of New York who organized the "Health Protective Society," not only personally inspect the cleanliness of streets and business quarters, but they now propose to send the street-cleaning commissioner to Europe for three months, paying all his expenses, so that he may examine into the systems that make other city streets, especially those of London, so clean. This is good; but the women would have done better to send one of their own number.

Mrs. Maria Coleman, sister of William S. O'Brien, the late Nevada silver king, has decided to build a hotel at San Francisco that shall eclipse anything of the sort on the Pacific coast.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

By Faith, not Sight.

LAURA H. WILLIAMS.

In every place
God's smiling face
I've come at last to see;
Joys come and go
With ebb and flow,
Peace ever *comes* to me.

Such glory shines
Upon the lines
Of duty and of prayer,
It floods my soul,
And fills the whole
With incense sweet and rare.

And day by day
Finds some new way
To serve my heavenly King;
And all along,
I hear the song
The choirs of angels sing.

Heaven does not seem
To me a dream;
E'en now it has begun,
As glad I raise
My voice in praise
Of the great Three in One.

And if beyond
This earthly bond,
Light comes more full and free
If this of rest
Is but a taste,
What must fulfillment be!

* * *

Twelve "Beautiful Years."

On the second day of May, in the year of our Lord, 1876, there came to the home of Rev. H. F. Forrest, a little daughter. Her eyes were beautiful as heaven's own azure. Her hair was dark brown, and soft as silk. Her features were well formed. Her smile might have been a reflection of the gentleness and purity of heaven. To other eyes than those of her fond parents, she seemed beautiful. In her infancy she was most gentle and quiet, yet bright and affectionate. By her beauty and gentleness, she won the hearts of all who saw her.

When she was a year and a half old, her parents were greatly shocked by the sudden discovery that she was entirely deaf. This discovery was overwhelmingly painful, but it did not for a moment check the outflow of parental love. It only added another element—that of tender pity. Instead of being thrust aside and kept out of sight, as such unfortunate children sometimes are, she was all the more tenderly loved and cared for. To make her childhood happy, and to fit her for a useful happy life, became henceforth a primary object of parents and sisters. She was taken with her parents wherever they went, and shown everything that was beautiful to see. In this way her mental development was greatly promoted, and her childhood made unusually bright and happy. In spite of her deafness and consequent inability to speak, few children have had a happier childhood than she.

In the eighth year of her age, she became a pupil in the Clarke Institute for Deaf Mutes, at Northampton, Mass. While at home, she had been taught to write, and to know the meaning of a few written words and sentences. After entering this school, her progress was steady and rapid. During the first year, she learned to speak five hundred words, and to read them from the lips of her teachers. Later she acquired a knowledge of the elements of grammar, arithmetic and geography. In this school the Manual Alphabet is not used at all, but the pupils are taught to speak vocally, and to interpret speech from the motion of the lips. After a few years of instruction in articulation and lip-reading, she could converse readily with her friends and playmates. She also attained a creditable knowledge of God and the Bible—more, indeed, than is possessed by many hearing children of her age. The religious instruction she received at this institution, had a very happy effect upon her. It not only made her more intelligent, but more happy. Through it she became a prayerful, trusting Christian child. Her apprehension of the presence, power and goodness of God was very vivid, and she communed with him daily in prayer. For the excellent advantages of the Clarke Institution, her parents have reason to be supremely grateful. A better school for the deaf probably cannot be found in our country, or in the world. The Christian ladies who inaugurated and have always managed it, have done themselves and their sex much credit.

The development of Annie's mind was a very interesting study to her teachers and friends. Having to learn almost everything by special instruction, she was often found ignorant of simple facts which hearing children learn unconsciously. In such cases, her mistakes were often amusing, even to herself when better informed. A single instance may be given: Riding with her father one evening in the twilight, she missed the moon, on account of

its being a little later than it had been a few evenings earlier. She inquired for it. "It is not time," said her father. This did not seem to satisfy her entirely, so after some moments of reflection she inquired, "Has God a clock?" By this time it was so dark that she could not read the lips, and the only way to reply to her was by a nod or a shake of the head. To reply to her question in the negative, would have been to convey the idea that God might not know when to bring up the moon. This incorrect idea her father was unwilling to convey, and hence by a nod, he answered in the affirmative, thinking that when he got to the light he would explain. But to his dismay, other questions followed, for the little one had a very inquisitive mind. "Is God's clock very beautiful?" she inquired. Of course it would not do to answer this question in the negative, so there was another affirmative nod. "More beautiful than any man has?" she continued. Still another affirmative nod, with an inward protest, and the subject was only pursued farther in silent thought.

The next day when Annie made a visit to her father's study, he recalled the conversation of the previous evening, and explained to her that he had answered her incorrectly, because it was dark and she could not read his lips; that God had no clock because he did not need one, that he kept all the heavenly orbs in motion, and by them measured time for men. Annie was very much amused at her innocent mistake, and readily took in the idea of God's omniscience.

The most remarkable thing about Annie was her perfect uprightness. She had very clear ideas of right and wrong, and exemplified them as few have ever done. For her to know what was right was to do it, and to know that a thing was wrong was to shun it. She could not comprehend why people should be wicked, or why they should not love God. To see men do wrong, astonished and grieved her.

Riding with her father to a religious meeting one Sabbath evening, she saw a man making hay. Looking up with surprise, she inquired, "Is that wrong?" Being told that it was, she was silent for a few moments and then sadly remarked, "I am sorry."

In meekness and sweetness of temper, she was an example to all. She could be grieved, but seemed incapable of anger or malice. A part of her daily prayer was, "Help us to be pleasant;" and in this respect she was so greatly helped, that for her the prayer seemed to be unnecessary. She was withal a very affectionate child, both at home and among her large circle of friends. Father, mother, sisters, teachers and schoolmates were inexpressibly dear to her, and yet she found a warm place in her heart for many others. Her correspondents were numerous, including several clergymen. During the three months of her sickness, she probably received a hundred letters, all of which she answered excepting those received within the last fortnight of her life.

To guard and train such a child, was a delightful task, but who could think himself worthy of it? She needed teachers and associates that were more than human, and such the wise and loving Father has provided for her. In her twelfth year her health failed. She returned to the tender ministries of home, and after three months of patient suffering, she departed to the land where there are no tears, no imperfections and no sin. Her absence makes the world seem less bright to many loving hearts, but doubtless the Heavenly Father did wisely and kindly in taking her to Himself. The years she spent on earth were full of innocent enjoyment. She could hardly have stayed longer without experiencing mental suffering and contracting moral stain. She was ripe for the heavenly home, and it was safer that she should depart early.

* * *

Teaching Disobedience.

"Will you have an orange, my dear?"

The little boy thus addressed took the orange with thanks, and held it in his hand looking at it appreciatively. "Why don't you eat it?" "My mamma don't 'low me to eat atween meals." "But your mamma isn't here. She won't know it. You just go under the table where she won't see you if she happens to come in, and eat it and enjoy yourself. It's all nonsense not to let a child eat an orange between meals." The suggestion accorded with the child's desires, and he followed it. The young lady who made it was a girl of good intentions, and would have been angry had any one told her that she was teaching that boy to lie and deceive by actions. He was five years old, and that one little lesson remained with him for years, in its effects upon his moral nature, and caused his mother great anxiety and himself numerous punishments.

A little girl was sent on an errand; she found the family just sitting down to tea, and was invited to share the meal.

"No, thank you," said she, "my mamma don't like me to eat away from home without her permission."

"Oh, she won't care," said the hospitable hos-

tess. "I'll take the responsibility, and if she must whip somebody, tell her to whip me." Overborne by persuasion, the child sat down and ate with the family. Returning home, she refused to eat her supper, saying she was not hungry. Mamma knew that children were not troubled with loss of appetite without cause, and, with some tender anxiety, asked, "Why are you not hungry? Don't you feel well?" Then her experienced eye read in the child's expressive face that this question was a temptation to subterfuge, and she hastened to ask another, which should lead her to tell the truth:

"What did you eat at Mrs. Ellis's?"

At once the flimsy veil of deceit was blown away from before the little girl's vision, and she answered bravely: "Why, mamma, they asked me to stay to supper, and teased me, and Mrs. Ellis said you should whip her; and, mamma, I had hot biscuit, and two kinds of cake, and cheese, and—and Mrs. Ellis asked me if I liked tea, and I said yes, but you did not want me to drink it, and she fixed some tea, and said I should drink it, and you wouldn't know it; but I didn't do that, mamma, and I think folks have no business to make it so hard for little girls to mind their mothers."

And that is just what I think. No matter if I do not uphold your theory of education in my thought, I ought to uphold it to your children. Even if I think you to be foolish and wrong in your commands to your child, I have no right to tell them so, and thus make their obedience to you difficult and p unful.

"Why don't you eat your apple now?" asked a lady upon whom I was calling, who had given an apple to my little son.

"I am going to keep it to eat with my dinner to-morrow," said he, thinking this no hardship, as he had always been used to saving his treasures of candy, nuts or apples to eat at an appropriate meal time.

"Don't you wish you were my little boy? I would let you eat all the apples you wanted at any time of day."

The prospect was a tempting one, and for the first time he began to doubt mamma's wisdom and love.

The lady meant no disrespect to me, nor harm to my child; yet she manifested the one and accomplished the other. Many a time after that, when some desired treat was commanded to be postponed, I heard, "If I was Mrs. Mann's little boy she'd let me have it now."

A lady, urging a little girl to accept a delicacy which had been declined on the ground that she was "not permitted to eat between meals," used these words: "You would better take it now, or you won't get it at all." The next day the little four-year-old sat deeply immersed in thought. The subject of her meditations was manifested when she said: "Mamma, I don't think folks ought to say, when I tell them you don't let me eat between meals, that if I don't take it now I won't get it. I think they ought to say, 'Put it in your pocket, dear, and save it till to-morrow;' but folks don't seem to care how much they help other people's children not to mind."

An amount of wise thinking had been going on in that busy little brain, and in her last statement she expressed a sad fact. People don't care how much they teach disobedience to the children of others. They do not intend to lead them astray, but because they think the command a foolish one, they do not realize their obligation to uphold it. Friends, I beseech you, in behalf of the children who are seriously injured by such unwise slights cast upon parental authority, and of the parents whose hold upon the hearts and confidence of their children is thus weakened, never urge a child to do anything, however small in your eyes, or insignificant, which is in any degree contrary to the implied will of father or mother. By your efforts and words make it easy, rather than hard for the little ones to be obedient. — *Mary A. Allen, M. D.*

* * *

Saturday Night.

RUSIE E. KENNEDAY.

The circling hours of the hastening week.
Bring another Saturday night.
Unfinished lies the work I had planned,
Waiting the touch of a diligent hand,
While I marvel at Time's speedy flight.

I had meant to do well when the week began,
I had laid out my work with care.
But many a hindrance came unsought,
Each day its own perplexity brought,
And the work lies unfinished there.

When the Saturday night of my life shall come,
Will there still be unfinished tasks?
Work I had planned for the Master to do,
And failed to attain my whole life through?
O, what shall I say if He asks?

Work-Bag.

The diamond-shaped sides of this bag are made of stiff pasteboard, and this renders it much more substantial. You first make a plain bag of silk or satin, with a double shirr string of satin ribbon in the top, and a bow of the same ribbon on the front and on one handle. Then cut two diamond-shaped pieces of pasteboard for the sides, which should be just the width of the bag; cover each with plush after having embroidered the piece intended for the front. We suggest a branch of oak-leaves, as it is

not a common pattern, and can be made very effective by working the leaves in shades of green, brown and red, as nature tints them in the fall, and wherever there are acorns in the pattern use the natural ones in this way—slip the nut out carefully, and sew the cup on by running the needle through the centre; then glue the nut in place. Light brown is a very pretty color to use for these bags, and will look the best with the oak design. Still, it is entirely a matter of taste, as all colors are used.

—*E. S. W.*

* * *

The "Servant-Girl" Question, from a Hired-Girl's Standpoint.

I thought perhaps you'd like to hear what a hired girl thinks of the subject that is discussed so much of late in the various periodicals of the land. You know there are two sides to every question, and the much maligned hired girl should have a hearing on her side.

I am anywhere from eighteen to twenty-five years of age (you know it is supposed to be distasteful to woman, be she mistress or maid, to tell her exact age), and I have been obliged, for a few years, to go out to service, so will, briefly as possible, state some of my grievances, well knowing that my experience is similar to that of thousands of poor, down-trodden hired girls.

My first mistress was very suspicious; she kept everything under lock and key, counted the cookies, doughnuts, apples, in fact everything that was countable. She was always sure that the preserves or sauce had been eaten, so when she'd get some for the table she'd dole it out, and to pay me for supposed theft, would give me none at all, or a very meagre supply. N. B. I did once see the oldest girl at a jar of peach preserves, but I disliked to tell her mother she was the thief. And would she have believed me if I had? No, for she thought her children were perfect, and oh my! how they pulled the wool over her eyes!

This woman who believed so implicitly in her own children was awfully suspicious of others. She was always missing things, which she would eventually find just where she herself put them. Had I remained in her employ I would have become indeed a thief—might as well have the "game as the name," you know.

My next mistress was very orderly. If the stove poker lay a hair's breadth out of the place she wished it to occupy, there was a fearful scolding in store for me, the wicked offender. During the three weeks that I was in her employ—I could stand it no longer—I was scolded and scolded from morning till night. Try hard as I would I could not suit her, neither did her husband nor children; they had to stand the fault finding and couldn't clear out as I did.

I then went to work for a "queer piece." 'Twas in the dead of winter, and I was expected to sleep in a barn-like room, entirely remote from any fire. The bare walls were ever glistening with frost, and a very scant allowance of bed clothing was supplied me. I was expected to get up at five o'clock, and with hands nearly frozen go below and make the kitchen fire. Many out-door chores, such as men usually perform, were expected of me, and the wages, oh, my, I'd be ashamed to tell how small they were! The very worst thing about this woman, though, was her cold-water business. She was a

"water-cure" lady, and she thought that water would raise the dead. She and her family had to take a daily bath, necessitating much work which, of course, fell on me. They were an uncommonly healthy family, I will say that for them. Could scarcely supply food enough for the robust children. They were never sick, never had bad colds, and they escaped the scarlet fever when the whole neighborhood had it. But will you believe it? Mrs. G. tried to induce me to take this daily scrub! I hadn't been used to that sort of thing. I wash off some, in hot weather, but the idea of bathing in cold winter weather, ugh! So of course I left her alone in her cold water glory.

Mrs. P——, my next mistress, was excruciatingly particular; she was in agony lest she'd eat a speck of dirt, and I nearly skinned my hands with washing and wiping them. Why, every time I turned around I had to wash 'em. Then she expected me to do all of her housework and be nurse-girl besides, receiving wages, however, for only the former occupation. She'd run into a neighbor's, leaving the baby with me, and after a few hours she'd return and be as "mad as a hornet," if the work wasn't all done up. The idea! She thought it impossible to tend baby and do her work besides, hence she hired me. If she couldn't work and tend a baby that she loved, pray tell how could I when I hated the little torment! Of course I kissed and coddled him some at first, but I soon saw the "lay o' the land," and he wouldn't be good with me. Pins are sharp, and they prick sometimes. Don't be horrified, I just had to be cruel! I couldn't work till tired enough to drop and then take care of a great fat baby to rest me. That's more than a mother is required to do in these enlightened days, and "love lightens labor," it is said.

Little Mrs. B——, another mistress, was very sweet and kind, but her husband, the wretch! thought that hired-girls had no rights that men were bound to respect, and although I think I could have lived with her always, she seemed such a dear little woman, I couldn't and wouldn't put up with his domineering ways, and left her very soon in the lurch, as had many other girls before me.

Mrs. Q—— was painfully methodical. The laws of the "Medes and Persians" were lax compared to those that she laid down. Woe to any member of the family who deviated in the least therefrom. She just wouldn't be put out of any plan of action. Once a cousin whom she'd not seen for years was visiting another relative, and they sent word that they would visit her on Thursday, but she sent a note by me to tell them that her dressmaker was expected to fit her a dress, and it wouldn't be convenient to entertain them that day. It is needless to state that her cousin made her no visit before returning to her eastern home. Her washing must be out bright and early Monday morning, rain or shine. Now I think, despite the old customs of our grandmothers, or nursery rhymes, that Monday is the very worst day in the week to do the washing, and why? Isn't the house all "topsy turvy" Monday morning? Don't the children, and everybody, scatter books and magazines promiscuously on Sunday? And don't we girls, having our day out, slight the morning's work in our haste to be off? Then some go to parties, and remain up a good share of the night—this being the only time allowed us for recreation—hence you can see that the wash-tub isn't just the thing the next day. Now if Monday was the general clearing up day (work not so exhausting as washing, that great bug-bear of American housekeeping), a girl can get at her work in a hurry Tuesday morning, for we can have put the clothes in soak Monday afternoon—which process saves the clothes as much as it does us. But such women will never see better ways. Like all "old fogies," they never read, informing themselves of improvements, no not they, for they are "wise in their own conceit."

Mrs. K——, another mistress, was extremely frugal. Oh, how she hated to pay me my just due! She was forever trying to poke off her old clothes on me at the price of new garments. Just to please her I bought some of her duds, and that made her all the worse. She'd fairly squeeze my wages in her hands till they squealed from pain, ere she'd pay me a cent. I soon learned, however, that she wasn't really to blame for her stinginess. Money was doled to her so grudgingly from her "liege lord," that she just had to be mean with it. Poor woman! she just wore herself out pinching and contriving to make one dollar do the work of five, and then every dime expended had to be accounted for to him. Of course he found fault because she kept a hired-girl, though she couldn't walk half the time, with rheumatism. She always tried to convince him of her inability to perform all the housework, washing, ironing, sewing, mending and cooking for their family of six—the eldest child, a boy of ten, couldn't help much. "I can save more, twice over, than her wages," I heard her tell him, "cutting and planning on the children's clothes. Why, John, the

dressmakers could never get out the garments that I do with the same material, they'd require double the amount," said she anxiously. But—

"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

And he'd growl at her and scowl at me till I couldn't stand it any longer, and left the poor patient woman to her fate. She's dead now, poor dear! She was obliged to burn out her candle at both ends! I only hope that she's gone where penurious husbands cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest—she was always weary. Could he have her back again I make no doubt that he would gladly give half the property that she wore herself out in helping him to gain. For will you believe it, he married again in six months, and this wife is a decidedly different woman. She never could renovate her old clothes, or make new ones either, for that matter, so he's obliged to put out the sewing, and she's sickly, so he must either hire the housework done, or foot doctor's bills all the time.

I tell you as a hired-girl I've seen married life in all its phases, and the constant injustice meted out to married women from those vowing to love and cherish, makes me in no hurry to enter the matrimonial market. No, not I! Much as I detest the condition of a hired-girl, I know that I am free. Free to use my own earnings as I choose. I'm not obliged to beg for every due, and then to render to some man an account of its expenditure. I am no beggar, as is a married woman. Get married? No indeed! Why should I jump from "the frying pan into the fire?" But to return to my subject, viz. "working out:"

Mrs. B. would not for the world perform her work as does Mrs. A., and so on through the alphabet. When these women congregate, they make our failings—they never see our good qualities—a chief topic of conversation. Though they can't do without us, you'd think we were the bane of their lives.

They take no interest whatever in our moral or spiritual well-being—and yet hired-girls have souls. At the same time they may belong to missionary societies to save, if possible, the souls of the girls of "Boorioboola Gha." After leaving their employ, and you chance to meet, they'll feign no recognition, and why, forsooth! ah, you're nothing but a hired-girl! Humph? They'd pat a poor dog they had ever known, on the head. In one respect, however, we receive the same treatment as the dogs, *i. e.* we can pick the bones of the feast when all are through. Surely it is no wonder that the average girl prefers the starvation wages of the clerk or seamstress, to the home comforts (?) promised them as hired-girls. Neither is it surprising that the rank and file of the hired-girl brigade grows, each year, "wonderfully and beautifully less."—*Betsy Ann, in Christian at Work.*

* * *

The Mother's Creative Influence.

DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

I have already discussed various topics, and propose now to illustrate my views by citing cases coming under my own observation, in proof of my positions. I have said that if the mother is poorly nourished, or in any way is too debilitated to impart strength and body to another, the child is as likely to inherit her peculiarities in these respects, as it is to have the color and physical peculiarities of that mother. In one of my rounds of professional duty after having been in the family a short time—I saw a girl differing very much from my patient, who was frail, emaciated, puny and sickly, which convinced me that she was not more than half created, so far as the mother was concerned. The supposed visitor was older, one of the finest specimens of a well-developed girl that I had ever seen; being so pleased with her womanly figure, still less than twelve years of age, I inquired her name. I was very much surprised to learn that it was an older sister. I gazed upon the two with astonishment, when I ventured to say to the mother—in accordance with my theories at that early day—"Before this girl was born, you had a good appetite, was unusually healthy and robust, cheerful and happy, taking life quite easily, but, in the other case, the surrounding circumstances were the reverse, very decidedly." She replied, "You are correct in this case, while, in the other, I was suffering from chronic dysentery, weak, very much depressed in every respect."

Physically, the two differed almost as much as white differs from black—the two extremes of physical development.

I am familiar with another case in which one son in a family of several children—the rest bright, active, three teachers—and cheerful and happy, is moody, sullen, distorted in his countenance, with no resemblance to the rest, with but little mind, illustrating the effects of parental influence, intellectually and morally. All attempts to educate him, have proved comparatively unavailing. Among the legitimate causes of such mal-creation, are the follow-

ing: The mother was nervous, not well balanced, peevish, all aggravated by sickness and the death of one of her children, the attending physician not being her choice. She repined, rebelled against Providence, and was hateful generally. Knowing her condition, she plotted the destruction of this boy, being guilty of many acts of violence. He was an undesired child, and his countenance indicated it. (I am unwilling to admit that he who pronounced his works "good," ever made a fool, a rascal, a monster, or this boy, with his precise characteristics.)

I know another case, the son of a clergyman, whose sister has an unusually cheerful and amiable countenance, brilliant and energetic, many of the circumstances and feelings being similar to those of the former case. He has the same disconsolate expression, is dissatisfied with his lot in life, shuns the society of those who would naturally be his associates, often saying, "nobody wants to see me," when invited by his cousins to make an evening call. He wandered from his home, where he might have all the comforts of life, earning but little, almost a vagrant in a populous city—almost a hermit, practically. These are "marks," not the mere accidental discolorations of the skin, having no special importance, but are engraved deep in the whole nature, affecting the victims very materially, beclouding the mind, blunting the moral sensibilities, degrading, cursing the innocent victims. Can any one doubt the causes, the authors of such terrible evils? I claim that mothers have a tremendous influence in such respects, being able, measurably, to hold their posterity at will, instrumentally, producing fools or wise ones, healthy or unhealthy, beautiful, or deformed children, transmitting their characteristics during that interesting and important period.

* * *

Shortening the Baby.

Our baby now is four months old,
A bonnie boy, with hair like gold;
And his long clothes are put away—
For mother shortened him to-day.

He has the loveliest of frocks,
All trimmed with lace, and two pink socks
That Father bought, the best by far
And prettiest in the whole bazaar.

And now the rogue can kick about;
His little feet go in and out
As though they could not rest, and he
Is just as happy as can be.

Besides, he feels quite proud to-day
With all his long clothes put away.
And dressed so fine! And then, you know,
We praise the boy and love him so!

His grandmamma must see him soon;
We all will go this afternoon,
And take the pet, and stay for tea—
And what a riot there will be!

At first, perhaps, she may not know
The baby, he has dwindled so;
But let her guess, and do not say
That Mother shortened him to-day!

—*St. Nicholas.*

* * *

Thoughts for Boys.

It is manliness that tells in this world and the next, and a person is not going to be manly when he is forty, unless the beginnings of it show themselves in him when he is ten. And then a boy who has got his little growing kernel of manliness in him, will show it in his home.

There is only one time to begin to be a man, and that is before you get to be a man. You will be and do, after you get grown up, just what you begin to be and do, before you are grown up.—*Dr. Parkhurst.*

An exchange gives the following excellent advice to boys,—suitable also for girls:

"Boys should never go through life satisfied to be always borrowing other people's brains. There are some things they should find out for themselves. There is always something waiting to be found out. An apple dropped at the feet of Newton, and he took it as an invitation to study the forces of nature, and thereby discovered the law of gravitation. Every boy should think some thought, or do some good deed that shall live after him. A farmer's boy should discover for himself what timber will bear the most weight, what is the most elastic, what will last longest in the water, what out of the water, what is the best time to cut down trees for firewood? How many kinds of oak grow in your region, and what is each especially good for? How does a bird fly without moving a wing or a feather? How does a snake climb a tree or a brick wall? If there is a difference between a deer's track and a hog's track? What is it? How often does a deer shed his horns, and what becomes of them? In building a chimney, which should be the largest, the throat or the funnel? Should it be wider at the top, or drawn in? The boys see many horses. Did they ever see a white colt? Do you know how old the twig must be to bear peaches, and how old the vine is when grapes first hang upon it? There is a bird in the forest which never builds a nest, but lays her

eggs in the nests of other birds. Can the boys tell what bird it is? Do you know that a hop vine always winds with the course of the sun, but a bean vine always winds the other way? Do you know that when a horse crops grass he eats back towards him; but a cow eats outward from her, because she has no teeth upon her upper jaw, and has to gum it?"

* * *

What Mary Gave.

She gave an hour of patient care to the little baby sister who was cutting teeth. She gave a string and a crooked pin and a great deal of good advice to the three-year-old brother who wanted to play at fishing. She gave Ellen, the maid, a precious hour to go and visit her sick baby at home; for Ellen was a widow, and left her child with its grandmother while she worked to get bread for both. She could not have seen them very often if our generous Mary had not offered to attend the door and look after the kitchen fire while she was away. But this is not all Mary gave. She dressed herself so neatly, and looked so bright and kind and obliging, that she gave her mother a thrill of pleasure whenever she caught sight of the young, pleasant face; she wrote a letter to her father, who was absent on business, in which she gave him all the news he wanted, in such a frank, artless way, that he thanked his daughter in his heart. She gave patient attention to a long, tiresome story by her grandmother, though she had heard it many times before. She laughed just at the right time, and when it was ended, made the old lady happy by a good-night kiss. Thus she had given valuable presents to six people in one day, and yet she had not a cent in the world. She was as good as gold, and she gave something of herself to all those who were so happy as to meet her.

* * *

The drudgery of housework is often mentioned regretfully. Unremitting toil of any kind may be called a drudgery, particularly if the toiler has no heart in the work. And society, in many cases, has placed a false estimate—underestimate in the present case—on certain kinds of labor a lingering relic of past ages, when all labor was considered degrading, and only the man who did no work, living off the labor of others, was considered "a gentleman." So an erroneous view of the dignity and utility of house-work may have something to do with the idea of drudgery as applied to it. But the happiness and well-being of the family depend on a well-ordered household; and ability in this department is no mean ability. Keeping a house in order; sweeping, dusting, washing, ironing, cooking, baking—to do all these well and without fretting or complaining, is one of the best gifts and choicest acquirements. And the man or woman who rightly appreciates this ability, shows that he has himself passed to a higher plane of intelligence.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

Stray Beams of Sunshine.

They keep coming every day, the rays of sunshine from the homes of our readers, and we gather a few for memory's sake. One whose subscription had expired thus renews: "Is it possible that you have ceased coming to me? Indeed I cannot stand that, not if I have to go without a new spring hat and wear my old one (respectable though aged), that has done me good service for three seasons, already. You see I got very tired of living in the old leaky log house that has stood muster through the snows and rains of the good years, and concluded to enlarge and better somewhat my family roof-tree, and that fact has made me a little short in my account usually set aside for luxuries and pleasant necessities; but as you, my dear magazine, are an *actual* and cannot-*do-without* necessity, I must have you, even though, as I said before, I retouch my last year's millinery, and feast upon your good things every month at the expense of beefsteak and lemon pie." This from a Nebraska subscriber, and then a pleasant word from a farmer's wife in Iowa. "I would like to send thanks for the good things, the many helpful hints and strengthening lines found in your pages. In looking over the last year's numbers I find myself wondering how you can furnish so much for the price, and wondering why any one should feel too poor to spend a single dollar for a monthly visitor that is sure to rest and strengthen for many an hour. Although I am kept inside my door-yard, sometimes with poor health, at other times with many household cares, and in winter

with snow drifts, I do so like to hear of women who are doing some good in the world, and to know that woman's work is being recognized all over the land. I am always interested in a sketch of a woman who has won a place in any profession or employment that a few years ago was considered entirely out of place for women."

And from a busy city home comes this appreciation: "We—in our family—take *Harper's* and the *Century* magazines, also *The Christian Union*, and I like them all, but none of them take the place of your magazine to me. I am so anxious to get hold of it once more."

* * *

The Suffrage Plank.

Suffrage for women has been asked for, lo! these forty years. School suffrage has been granted in several States, and municipal suffrage in others. The National Prohibition Party is the first to make such a plank a part of a political party. Here it is: "That the right of suffrage rests on no mere circumstance of race, sex, or nationality, and that where from any cause it has been withheld from citizens who are of suitable age, and mentally and morally qualified for the exercise of an intelligent ballot, it should be restored by the people through the legislatures of the several States, on such educational basis as they may deem wise."

Is it not a stout plank, savoring of the strength of the pioneer ship that bore the pilgrims to Plymouth Rock? It was adopted amid much enthusiasm, and the "Ayes" are described as the "roar of a tornado."

* * *

"Twelve Beautiful Years."

This simple and touching story of sweet Annie Forrest needs no word of ours. Yet having met the mother just when the dear little child was first sent away from her constant care, to school, having kept her in mind for the last four years, and watched the development that was like an opening flower, until a letter from her fair hands proved the cultivation she had received, the story has for us great power. Mothers of hearing children cannot tell how closely a little one thus afflicted is bound to the very life. None but angel hands can take our darlings when our hands can no longer hold them. There is comfort in that, and in knowing that "He doeth all things well."

Ticknor's Paper Series have justly become very popular. The volumes announced for June are, "Sons and Daughters," by the author of "The Story of Margaret Kent." Of it Louise Chandler Moulton says: "It is a brave book, a story which searches out the by ways of the heart, and is strongly and fearlessly told; and "Agnes Surriage," by Edwin Lassetter Byuner, that Kate Sanborn says is "The best novel that has come out of Boston this generation." In paper binding, 50 cents; in cloth, $1.50.

We have been favored with a copy of the new temperance paper in Japan, sent out by the first women editors of that country. A significant title page of a world beneath the light of the cross, while an angel in the form of a woman scatters leaves of healing from her well-filled arms. We extend to these, our sisters of the Orient, our most heartfelt interest. A new day dawns for Japan in the arousement of her women.

Mrs. Judge Thompson, of Hillsboro, Ohio,—"the mother of the Crusade," has been called to a severe trial in the loss of a beloved grand-daughter. Because our magazine reaches so many white-ribbon homes, and all are endeared to Mrs. Thompson, the story of her beautiful life will be written for us by Mrs. Rivers, for an early number, her portrait accompanying.

* * *

A bright little sketch of Maria Louise Pool, by Emma Mortimer White, opens the WOMAN'S MAGAZINE for June. "Miss Emily," a fine study of a woman's nature, by Helen Ayr Saxton, is concluded. The poor seamstress proved herself a true heroine. The tender touches of this two-part story are rarely excelled. "In a Swamp" is a bit of cool refreshing from the pen of Fred Myron Colby. The Woman's Work Department has a graphic account of "The Lend-a-Hand Club of Davenport, Iowa," and a racy article on "A Woman's Business," by Anna Holyoke Howard. "Twelve Beautiful Years," the sketch of a deaf child, should be read by every mother. 10 cts. a number; $1 a year. Frank E. Housh, Brattleboro, Vt.

Edward Everett Hale begins in the June *Wide Awake* his long promised series, "The Story of Boston Common." The same number contains the particulars of the Lothrop Literature prize competition, in which $2,000 will be distributed. F. Anstey, the author of "Vice Versa," "The Tinted Venus," etc., contributes a long humorous story; and Mary Bradford Crowninshield, wife of Commodore Crowninshield of St. Mary's, begins a serial entitled "Plucky Smalls: His Story," a tale of two "wharf rats," and a United States training ship.

"The Building of a Railway"—the first of a series of railroad articles to begin in the June number of *Scribner's Magazine*—is said to be a remarkably succinct and entertaining description of the whole process of railway construction from the engineer's preliminary survey to the final laying of the track. The author, Thomas Curtis Clark, stands at the head of his profession as a civil engineer.

"NOW AND THEN."

"It is the little things that tell," says an old adage. Yes, especially the little brothers.

"Yes," said Mrs. Seldomhit, "I keep off the evil spirits now by wearing an omelet around my neck."

The tongue shows to a physician the disease of the body; to a philosopher the disease of the mind; to a Christian, the disease of the soul.

A bald-headed man, who has heard that the hairs of a man's head are all numbered, wants to know if there is not some place where he can obtain the back numbers.

An original neighbor of Rip Van Winkle was said to be so lazy, that when he went to hoe corn-he worked so slowly that the shade of his broad-brimmed hat killed the plants.

A timid gentleman has married a lady whose weight verges up to two hundred pounds. "My dear," said he to her, "shall I help you over the fence?" "No," said she to him, "help the fence."

They have a nice old lady in South Boston, of the genuine Partingtonian variety. She recently alluded to the illness of a friend with, "You see he had digestion of the lungs, and then it settled into ammonia."

The presence of mind of a Bostonian was illustrated recently at a fancy fair, where there was a small stand for the sale of watch-charms. "Oh, George," she said, "buy me a charm!" "Sarah," answered he, "you have too many already."

Purity of heart depends much, so far as our moral agency is concerned, on keeping the imagination free from the secret contemplation of forbidden objects. Keep the door of the imagination barred against unlawful visitors, and the citadel of the soul is safe.

"Mamma," said a little school-girl one day, "what *was* that Indian girl's name?—her first name, I mean?" "What girl?" said her mamma. "Why, that one the teacher talked about. What is her *first* name—that Miss Hontas?" I told her it was Poca Hontas.

A colored preacher remarked, "When God made de fust man, he set him up agin de fence to dry." "Who made de fence?" interrupted an eager listener. "Put dat man out!" exclaimed the colored preacher, "such questions as that destroy all de theology in de world."

Two small boys were at play, when suddenly one of them set up a wild whoop.

"What's the matter, Frank?" called his anxious mother.

"Jimmy hit me wif a stick"—and turning to his comrade—"hit me agin, Jimmy, so's muvver kin see how you done it!"

An old man entered a railway carriage and was looking around for a seat, when a boy ten or twelve years of age rose up and said, "Take my seat, sir." The offer was accepted and the old man sat down. "Why did you give me your seat?" "Because you are old, sir, and I am a boy," was the reply. He had read in his Bible, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God. I am the Lord."

ON THE STAIR.

She had eyes of blue,
He of darkest brown,
She was going up,
He was coming down;
And, ah! they were a youthful pair
Who met that morning on the stair.

She had golden curls
Tangling in the breeze;
He with crisp short locks
Fashion sought to please;
Perhaps it was her floating hair
That stopped him coming down the stair.

Brown eyes looked at blue,
Blue looked back at brown,
Brown eyes bolder grew,
Blue eyes, shy, looked down;
Then brown eyes' owner kissed the fair,
Sweet maiden standing on the stair.

Red cheeks redder turned,
Deeper dimples came,
Eyes looked just as blue,
Yet not quite the same;
"Jack," she said, "how could you dare,
To—to—behave so on the stair?"

'Just the very place,"
Roguish Jack said, slow;
"No one near to tell—
We're engaged you know."
And Jack, to show how he could dare,
Kissed her again while on the stair.

Birdie at the door,
Heard within her cage
The philosophy
Of the youthful sage;
And told her mate, with anxious air,
How Jack kissed Amy on the stair.

Dick, who saw the joke,
Nodded his wee beak;
"I'll sing loud to-day,
This fine tale," he said,
So all the world knows how the pair
Behaved that morning on the stair.

—*H. McLoam.*

Johnnie, a bright boy of six years, while being fixed up for school, observing his little overcoat much the worse for wear, and having more mended places than he admired, turned quickly to his mother and asked her: "Ma, is pa rich?"

"Yes; very rich, Johnnie. He is worth two millions and a half."

"What in, ma!"

"Oh, he values you at one million, me at a million and baby at half a million."

Johnnie, after thinking a moment, said: "Ma, tell pa to sell the baby and buy us some clothes."

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"Those are the patches the angels sew
Over the holes in the sky, you know,
Where God cuts out the bits of blue
To put in a little girl's eyes for you!"

A CHILD'S LAUGH.

"Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light,
Heard from morning's rosiest height
When the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter."

LOVE SONGS.

"We were three who sailed at morn together,
'Neath the dappled, lustrous, exquisite sky;
Singing a rich old Normandic ballad—
Maud, Friendship and I.

Were three who came back at eve together,
All silently; breathing never a word;
Still Maud and I in the boat were sailing—
But Love was the third."

MOTHER SONGS.

"Yours, Mother, is a heart of gold!"

"All true trophies of the ages
Are from Mother love unfurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle,
Is the hand that rocks the world."

"Slumbering song-birds are resting in silence,
While mother-birds, wakeful, the nests safely keep.
So do I, darling, bend softly above you,
Still watching and guarding you now as you sleep."

SONGS FOR THE NIGHT.

TRUST IN GOD.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak,
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
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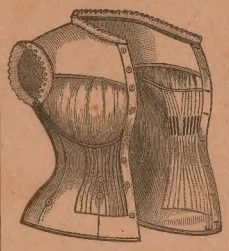

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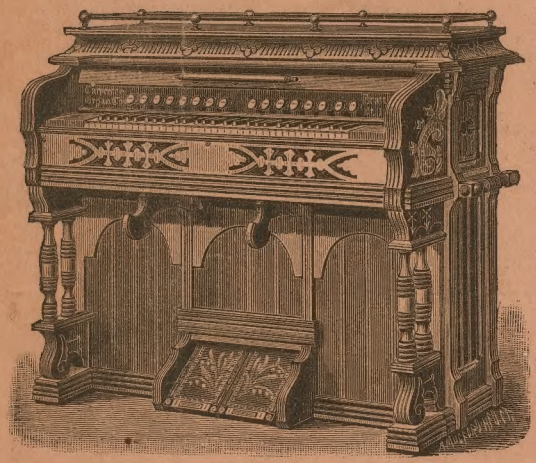

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